

Attention!
In This Issue!

BLUE BOLT ★ EDISON BELL ★ SERGEANT SPOOK ★ January

BLUE BOLT

10c

L
U
E
B
O
L
T

LET'S GO
OVER THE TOP
WITH DICK COLE!!

B. O. Davis

Vol. 2 No. 8

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Cordially,
The Editors

Dear Sirs:

I think that it is hard for boys and girls who follow Blue Bolt to know when each issue will be on sale. I suggest that you should put a little space on the inside cover telling when the next issue will be on sale.

There are so many other kinds of comic books on the market it is hard to tell when the next issue will be on the newsstands.

Yours truly,
Robert Roos
Los Angeles, California

—(Blue Bolt goes on sale the second Wednesday in every month, Robert.)

Dear Sirs:

I have read many comic magazines and I think Blue Bolt is one of the best. Blue Bolt has the only editors' page I like, and I like it because I see different people's opinions.

I believe that Krisko and Jasper should stay right where they are because some comedy is needed. I like Super Horse the least, and Phantom Sub the most because I am interested in boats and I don't think we get enough of them. After all if we didn't have them we wouldn't be considered well armed. I would like the invention page to continue for I find it very interesting.

Blue Bolt's friend today and always,
Cintra Blue
Russells Point, Ohio

—(Krisko and Jasper will not only "stay right where they are" Cintra, but they will also be "going places" each month. They're great favorites now.)

Dear Editors:

Blue Bolt is tops with me because of its clear drawings and exciting stories.

Dick Cole and the Blue Bolt occupy my interest most. Sub-Zero and Twister take a close second. The Edison Bell Inventions Page is both interesting and educational. All in all, Blue Bolt is one swell magazine.

Yours truly,
David Horowitz
New York, New York

—(We are glad you notice the quality and the "clearness" of our art work, David.)

* * * *

Dear Sir:

Krisko and Jasper have made me almost split my sides laughing at their dumb but somehow clever doings. I would like to see what would happen when they mixed with a mad professor. My other favorites — Blue Bolt, the Twister, and Dick Cole, all go to make up a perfect comic book.

Yours truly,
Bob Comfort
Toledo, Ohio

—(It would be a "mad" strip, all right, with a mad professor and Krisko and Jasper, but your idea is just the opposite from "mad", Bob.)

* * * *

Dear Editors:

Of all the comic books I have read, I think Blue Bolt is best, but you should have some contests. Your variety is good. The Edison Bell story is best because of the swell things to make. How about a project on a small radio.

I hope that you keep Krisko and Jasper because a comic adds popularity to any magazine.

Yours truly,
Ernest Brown
Wilmington, Mass.

—(What kind of contest would you suggest, Ernest?)

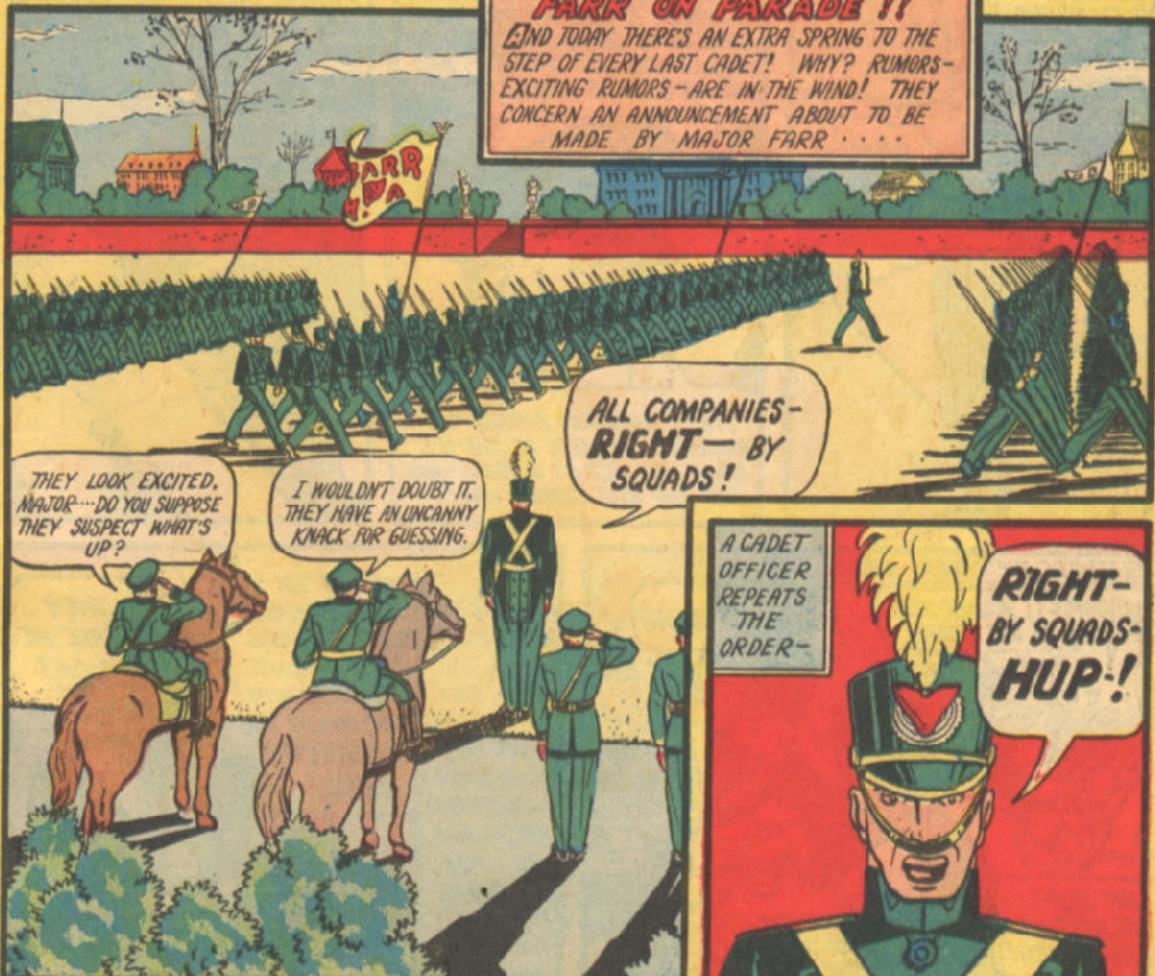
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

BOY!

By
Bob Davis

FARR ON PARADE!!

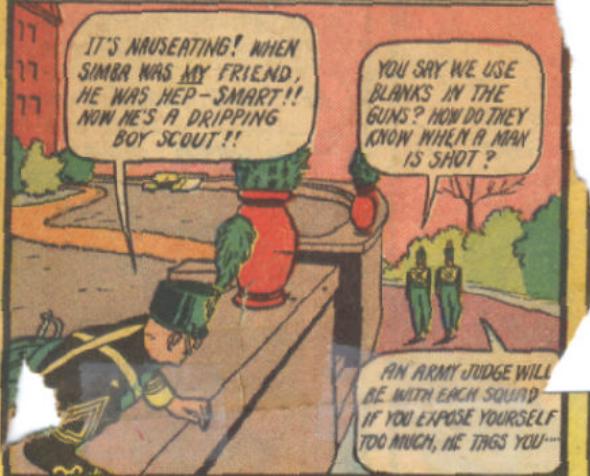
AND TODAY THERE'S AN EXTRA SPRING TO THE STEP OF EVERY LAST CADET! WHY? RUMORS-EXCITING RUMORS-ARE IN THE WIND! THEY CONCERN AN ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT TO BE MADE BY MAJOR FARR . . .



BLUE BOLT, Vol. 2, No. 8, January 1942, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1941, by Funnies Incorporated, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class Matter March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine.



THE MORE RAYTON THINKS ABOUT SIMBA'S AND DICK'S FRIENDSHIP,
THE MORE warped his strange brain becomes . . .



IS JEALOUSY
MAD FLAME . . .
GET ME ASIDE
I WANT! I WON'T
GET EVEN
USE TWO
MEOW! . . .
I'LL —

THE NEXT MORNING DAWNS CLEAR
AND BRISK . . . DICK IS THE FIRST
TO BE READY TO MARCH . . .

HEY-EDDIE, SIMBA! C'MON!
LET'S GET
GOING! IT'S
BATTLE
DAY! . . .

A FEW MINUTES AFTER SEVEN, THE FARR ARMY
IS ON THE MARCH — FRESH, GAY, AND RARING TO GO!

A-MARCHIN' A-MARCHIN'
WE WILL GO- WE WILL GO-
THEY SAY HOLDEN
HAS MORE ARTILLERY
THAN WE DO . . .

GOODBYE
HOLDEN!
WE MEET THE FIERCE
FOE ABOUT TEN MILES
FROM HERE . . .
BOY-
WHAT A
LIFE!

WHILE HOLDEN, GUNS BRISTLING, APPROACHES THE
BATTLE TERRAIN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION . . .

LOOK OUT,
OLD FARR!
HERE COMES THE
HOLDEN BLITZ!

AT A GIVEN POINT, THE TWO ARMIES HALT, FACING EACH OTHER,
AND READY FOR WAR . . . THE COMMANDERS OF BOTH SCHOOLS MEET
IN THE MIDDLE GROUND FOR A LAST CONFERENCE . . .

MY CADET OFFICERS HAVE PLANNED
MINE, TOO, MAJOR FARR . . . AND
ALL THEIR OWN FIELD STRATEGY.
COLONEL HOLDEN, AND
ARE READY TO
BEGIN!

MINE, TOO, MAJOR FARR . . . AND
NOW, WITH YOUR PERMISSION WE'LL
BLOW THE BATTLE SIGNAL . . .

CAPTAIN - THE BLAST!

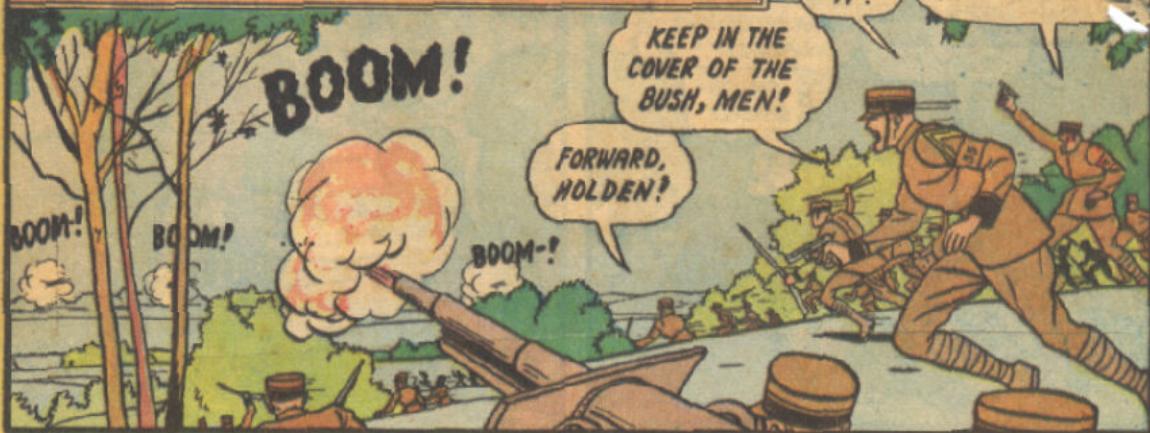
RIGHT,
SIR!
SERGEANT HALE!
THE SIGNAL-
FIRE!

THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION —

BOOM!

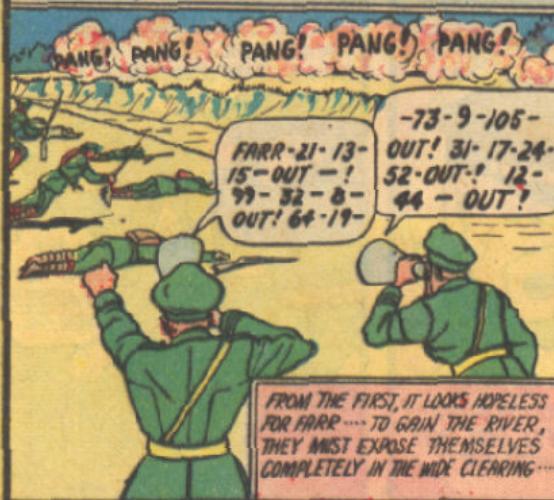
"AND THE BATTLE IS ON!! BOTH SIDES BEGIN A FRANTIC RUSH FOR POSSESSION OF THE SMALL RIVER THAT SEPARATES THEM - A POSITION OF VAST STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE --- ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, IT BECOMES APPARENT THAT HOLDEN WILL CAPTURE IT - DUE TO SUPERIOR COVER FOR ADVANCING ...

WE'RE MAKING IT!
FARR WILL NEVER GET ACROSS THAT WIDE CLEARING!



EACH CADET WEARS A NUMBER --- WHEN AN ARMY JUDGE CALLS IT OUT, THE CADET MUST FALL AS IF DEAD ...

THE MORE THEY ATTEMPT TO STORM THE POSITION --- THE MORE MEN THEY LOSE --- WHEN A MAN IS CALLED SHOT HE MUST RETIRE FROM THE GAME ...



APPROACHING THE RIVER FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE PRODUCES THE SAME DIRE RESULTS FOR FARR --- MEN ARE ELIMINATED LIKE FLIES IN A GAS-HOUSE ...

THE FARR HIGH COMMAND - CONSISTING OF FARR SENIOR CADETS - FINALLY SEES THE FUTILITY OF THE DRIVE, DECIDES TO CHANGE TACTICS ...



SO, WITH THE COMING OF DARKNESS, THE BATTLE SUBSIDES.... GLOOMILY, THE FARR BOYS DISCUSS THEIR TEMPORARY DEFEAT....



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT FIELD HEADQUARTERS - WHERE JACK RAYTON IS ONE OF THE CADET SENIOR OFFICERS -



THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT POINT, COLE.... IF WE GET IT, WE CAN DRIVE ON HILL E. TOMORROW - AND POSSIBLY LURE HOLDEN INTO A TRAP.... TAKE FIVE MEN AND A RUBBER BOAT.... GOOD LUCK!



AS DICK LEAVES THE TENT, RAYTON'S JEALOUSY SURGES THROUGH HIS MAD BRAIN AGAIN - NEAR THE BREAKING POINT....



RAYTON IS RIGHT.... DICK PICKS SIMBA, EDDIE, AND THREE OTHERS FOR HIS PATROL.... QUIETLY, THEY HEAD FOR THE RIVER....



SO FAR WE'RE IN LUCK!

THEY'RE CAMPED JUST BEYOND THAT THICKET! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE!



GAINING THE SHORE, THEY LERP INTO THE BRUSH....

EDDIE, YOU AND THE BOYS START SHOOTING! SIMBA, YOU AND I'LL GIVE 'EM A WONDER-BOY BLITZ!

NOW WE DO IT, MATES!



ABRUPTLY, THE HOLDEN POST LEAPS TO LIFE! THE CRACKLE OF RIFLES CUTS THE AIR! AN ATTACK!



BUT BEFORE THE HOLDEN BOYS CAN GRAB THEIR GUNS, TWO GREEN THUNDERBOLTS BURST INTO THEIR MIDST—BOWLING THEM OFF THEIR FEET....FARR CADETS PLUNGE IN TO COVER THEM...



BEFORE THEY KNOW IT, THE HOLDEN BOYS ARE HELPLESS....AN ARMY JUDGE RUSHES UP —

GOOD EVENING, SIR.... CADET COLE, SIR, CLAIMING CAPTURE OF THIS POST! MAY I REPORT IT TO MY SUPERIORS, SIR?

KEEP 'EM HIGH, KIDS!



A NICE LITTLE JOB, LIEUTENANT COLE! YES—YOU MAY REPORT IT TO YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICERS—with MY COMPLIMENTS!



TEN MINUTES LATER, DICK IS BACK AT HEADQUARTERS. BITTERLY, DICK HURRS HIS REPORT TO THE TOP OFFICER...

EXCELLENT, COLE! REPORT HERE IN THE MORNING WITH ONE GOOD MAN FOR SPECIAL DUTY!

SO, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, DICK AND SIMBA AGAIN REPORT TO THE HIGH-COMMAND! THE ATMOSPHERE IS TENSE—EXCITED...

COLE, HERE'S THE DOPE! BACK OF POSITION 1-E, THERE'S A VALLEY FLANKED ON BOTH SIDES BY TWO HIGH HILLS—OUR MAIN FORCES ARE NOW AT ONE END OF THE VALLEY—HOLDEN'S AT THE OTHER END....WE WANT TO LURE HOLDEN'S FORCES INTO THAT VALLEY!



WE CAN DO THAT BY RETREATING FROM THIS END....BUT IT WILL DO US NO GOOD UNLESS WE CAN QUIETLY TAKE ONE, OR BOTH OF THOSE HILLS....WITH THEM IN OUR POSSESSION, WE CAN MOVE A SIZABLE FORCE QUICKLY UP FROM THE REAR, FLANK HOLDEN'S DRIVE, THEN COME DOWN ON THEM WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT! I WANT YOU AND CADET KARNO TO OCCUPY HILL E, THEN SEE IF WE CAN TAKE HILL D.



SO, ARMED WITH A PORTABLE RADIO, DICK AND SIMBA SET OUT... MALICIOUSLY, RAYTON WATCHES THEM GO...

THIS WILL BE A REAL JOB, KID!

YEAH-THIS IS FUN!

THERE THEY GO AGAIN! THE HEROES!

SUDDENLY SOMETHING SNAPS IN RAYTON'S BRAIN... THE POISONOUS VENOM OF HIS JEALOUSY FLOODS THROUGH HIS WHOLE BODY. HIS STANCE BECOMES A CROUCH. HIS EYES LIGHT UP WITH INSANE GRAFTINESS -

I'VE GOT IT! HEH-HEH! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL FIX THOSE TWO! FOR GOOD!

SNAP!

HURRIEDLY, HE DARTS TO THE FIELD AMMUNITION DEPOT, ARMS HIMSELF WITH LIVE RIFLE BULLETS AND GRENADES!

HEH-HEH! WHAT AN IDEA! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW, EITHER!



THEN, WITH THE STEALTH OF AN ANIMAL, HE CREEPS ACROSS THE HOLDEN LINE, HERDS FOR THE TOP OF HILL D....

I'LL GET WAY ABOVE THE HOLDEN SNIPERS! THEY'LL BE SHOOTING AT COLE AND SIMBA FROM BELOW ME - WITH BLANKS!



WITH SLY CUNNING, RAYTON MANAGES TO GAIN HIS POSITION....

THERE'S HOLDEN, NOW-I'LL GO HIGHER!



AT THE SHEER TOP OF HILL D, RAYTON GETS INTO FIRING POSITION... BELOW HIM ARE THE HOLDEN SNIPERS... BEYOND THE VALLEY FLOOR IS HILL E. - DICK'S AND SIMBA'S FIRST OBJECTIVE....

NOW- SHOOT OFF YOUR STUPID BLANKS, HOLDEN! I'LL POT COLE AND SIMBA WITH REAL BULLETS! WHEN THEY'VE FALLEN, I'LL SNEAK AWAY- AND EVERYBODY WILL THINK THE REAL SLUGS CAME FROM YOUR GUNS!

HEH-HEH!



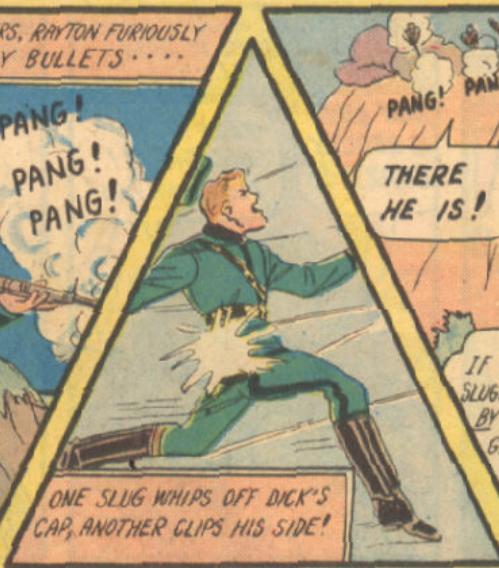
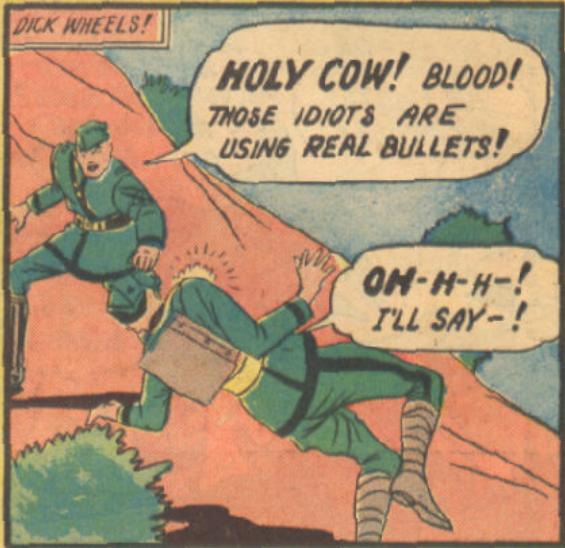
AT THE MOUTH OF THE VALLEY DICK AND SIMBA PAUSE....

THERE'S HILL E. WE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR THAT FIRST!

AND THERE'S D. HOLDEN'S SPOTTED US!

PANG!





A SECOND LATER HE LEAPS OVER THEIR ROCK DEFENSES - EYE'S BLAZING!

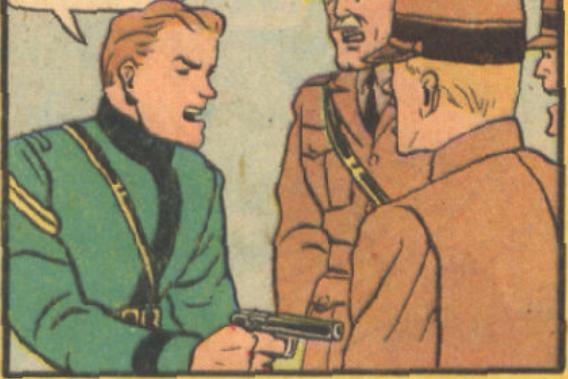
WHAT'S THE IDEA -
USING REAL SLUGS?
ARE YOU ALL
NUTS???

HEY!

REAL
SLUGS!
WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID!
REAL SLUGS! YOU'VE
WINGED MY PARTNER
AND CLIPPED ME!
I HAVE -

BUT THAT'S WRONG! I
PERSONALLY CHECKED THEIR
AMMUNITION!



HEY! I THOUGHT I
HEARD SHOTS FROM UP THERE!
YES - LOOK!
LOOK!

HOLY CATS -
RAYTON!

COMPLETELY INSANE NOW - RAYTON SHOWS
HIMSELF - A LIVE GRENADE POISED HIGH -

HA-HA-HA! YES! IT'S
ME! JACK RAYTON OF THE
HORSE MARINES!

SO YOU
LITTLE BOYS
WANNA PLAY
WAR, EH?

YOU STUPID LITTLE
DRIPS! HERE -
HAVE A TASTE OF
REAL WAR!



THERE IS A DEAFENING BLAST . . .



FORTUNATELY, THE GRENADE LANDS
SHORT . . . DICK STARTS TO DASH
AROUND THE HILL . . .

THAT BIRD
IS REALLY
CRAZY!

-KEEP HIM
OCCUPIED!!
I'LL FLANK HIM!



A FEW SECONDS LATER HE REACHES
A BLUFF JUST ABOVE RAYTON'S HEAD....

I'VE GOT TO MAKE
THIS FAST —

— BEFORE HE KILLS
SOMEBODY!

THEN LEAPS-

OKAY-MR.
RAYTON!
THAT'S
ENOUGH!

ZOOM!

HE RACES TO
THE EDGE —

THE FORCE OF DICK'S DROP
PLUNGES THEM BOTH OVER
THE STEEP CLIFF

WE'RE
FALLING!
I'M-I'M-

YEE-OH!

HERE'S THE CULPRIT, CAPTAIN!
HOW, MAY I CONSIDER THESE
TWO HILLS CAPTURED? I WANT
TO REPORT IT TO MY
COMMANDERS!

YOU CERTAINLY MAY, LAD!
YOUR GRENADE DID THE
TRICK! WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

AS THEY FALL, RAYTON
FAINTS DEAD AWAY....
DICK SNATCHES AT BUSHES
TO BREAK THEIR FALL....



DICK RACES BACK TO HILL D.
TO SEND HIS MESSAGE....

LOOKS LIKE THERE
WAS STILL TIME TO SAVE
THE OLD BALL GAME!

GREAT GOING, KID!

THANKS, PAL!
HELLO? COLE SPEAKING!
HILLS D AND E. CAPTURED!
OKAY TO RETREAT FROM
VALLEY AND COME
UP ON FLANKS!!



AT HEADQUARTERS, THE NEWS IS RELENTED JUBILANTLY . . .

HURRAY! COLE DID IT AGAIN! SOUND RETREAT AT 1-E - AND COME UP ON BOTH HILLS WITH EVERYTHING - 45'S INFANTRY-CAVALRY - THE WORKS!



AT THE SIGHT OF FARR RETREATING FROM THE MOUTH OF THE VALLEY, HOLDEN'S FORCES BEGIN TO POUR IN - UNAWARE THAT BOTH FLANKING HILLS ARE IN FARR'S HANDS . . .

OH BOY! HERE THEY COME!

WHEE! IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL HAVE 'EM SURROUNDED!



AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, FARR LOADS BOTH HILLS WITH MEN AND GUNS!



BOOM!

BOOM!

SUDDENLY - AT A GIVEN SIGNAL - THE HEAVENS ARE SHATTERED BY RIFLE AND CANON FIRE - HUNDREDS OF SHOUTING FARR CADETS POUR DOWN ONTO THE TRAPPED HOLDEN FORCES FROM ALL SIDES . . . FOR HOLDEN THERE IS NO ESCAPE . . .

CHARGE!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BOY - IT WORKED!

C'MON - LADS! MOP 'EM UP!

WOW! WE GOT 'EM!

THIS IS THE FINISH!

BOOM!

BOOM!

DICK BEGINS TO TAKE SIMBA TO AN AMBULANCE - EDDIE RUSHES UP TO THEM -

WE DID IT! IT'S ALL OVER BOYS! FARR WINS!

WE'VE WON!

BOY! THAT'S GREAT!

HOO-RAY-FOR US-AND DICK!

THAT NIGHT, BACK AT FARR, THE MAJOR CONGRATULATES DICK AND SIMBA . . .

AND THE BOARD HAS VOTED TO PRESENT BOTH OF YOU BOYS WITH THE FARR MEDAL OF VALOR - RAYTON WILL BE PUT AWAY IN AN ASYLUM!

JEOPERS! ME! A MEDAL!

THANK YOU, SIR!

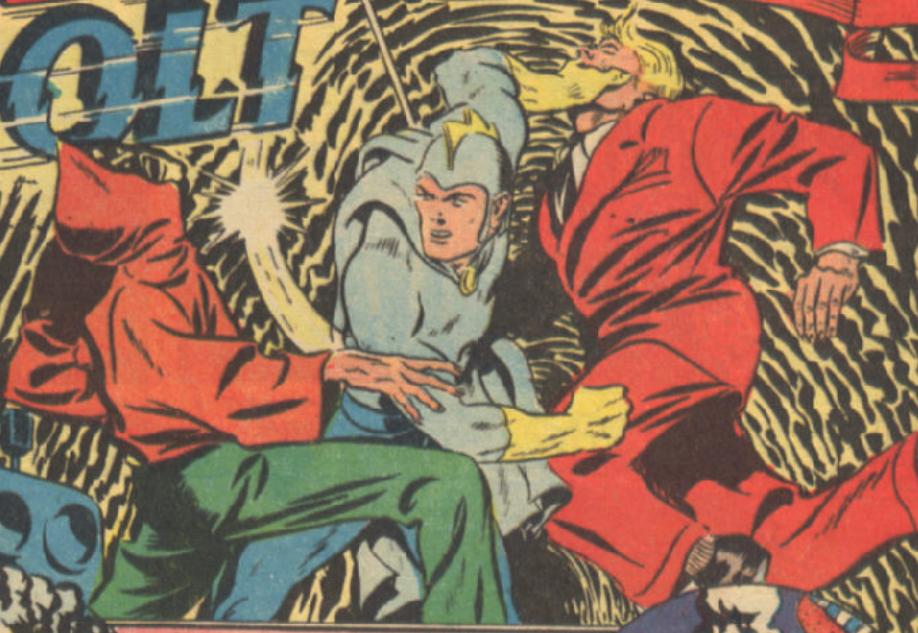
AND THAT'S THAT - FOR THIS TIME, MATES! ANOTHER BANG-UP-YARN IN NEXT MONTH'S -

BLUE BOLT!

Eric-Niels

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



WHY DO ARMY PLANES CRASH ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS OF A DESOLATE ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA. TANKS GO CAREENING TO DESTRUCTION OVER THE EDGE OF HIGH CLIFFS? -- WHAT HORRIBLE POWER THROWS SLEEK DESTROYERS OFF COURSE AND ONTO UNCHARTED REEFS? BLUE BOLT, THE AMERICAN, SETS FORTH TO HALT THIS DIABOLICAL PLOT TO DESTROY THE U.S. ARMED FORCES!

SCENE: THE COURT MARTIAL OF LIEUTENANT JONAS WAYNE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE.

IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS COURT, THAT YOU, JONAS WAYNE, ARE GUILTY OF ATTEMPTING TO CONTACT A FOREIGN POWER, THAT YOU HAVE TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO

SELL MILITARY SECRETS!

THEREFORE, THIS COURT SUMMARILY DISMISSES YOU FROM THE AIR FORCE OF THE U.S. GO! BUT REMEMBER, YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO YOUR COUNTRY!

MY COUNTRY?
I HAVE NO COUNTRY!
THEY SHALL
FEEL THE
WEIGHT OF
MY HATRED!
I SHALL
BE REPAYED!



OME WEEKS LATER AT AN AIRDROME IN A SOUTHERN STATE...

MEN, YOUR GREAT TEST HAS COME. YOU'RE TO FLY FROM HERE TO OUR NEW BASE ON QUATRO ISLAND THIS WILL BE A NIGHT FLIGHT, GUIDED BY THE RADIO BEAM SENT UP FROM THE ISLAND. ZERO HOUR IS NINE O'CLOCK!



AT THE APPOINTED TIME, THE TRIM PLANES TAKE OFF...

THOSE BOYS REALLY HANDLE THEIR SHIPS!

THEY'LL BE THERE IN FOUR HOURS



IN PERFECT FORMATION, THE SWIFT CRAFT WING THEIR WAY CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE NEWLY APPOINTED BASE...

INSIDE ONE OF THE PLANES...

EDDIE, WE'RE ON THE BEAM! I'M GETTING READY TO SET HER DOWN

RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! LET HER GO!



THE PLANES SWOOP DOWN...NOT TO LAND ON A FRIENDLY AIR FIELD...BUT TO SMASH AGAINST CRUEL ROCKS WHICH TEAR THE CRAFT INTO TWISTED BURNING WRECKAGE!



IN THE TROPICAL WATER, A LONE SURVIVOR FIGHTS VALIANTLY FOR LIFE

I MUST HANG ON! I MUST!



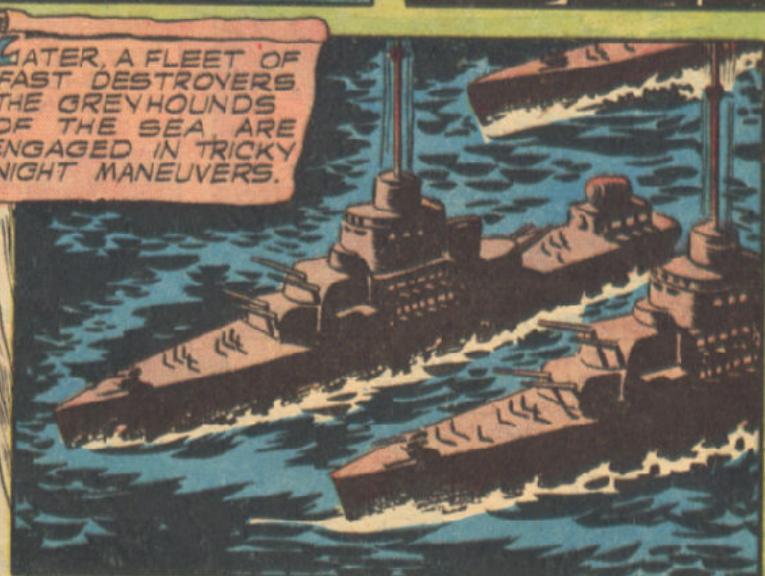
AUTHORITIES AT THE NEARBY-
U.S. BASE OF GUATRO SEE
THE FIRES AND SEND OUT
RESCUE BOATS...

COME ON! THERE'S SOME-
ONE IN THE WATER!
HARD-A-PORT!

THE RESCUED PILOT
TELLS HIS STORY...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT... OUR BEAM WAS
CALCULATED
PERFECTLY!

THAT'S ALL, SIR!
WE RODE IN ON THE
BEAM, THEN WE CRASHED
AGAINST THE ROCKS
INSTEAD OF LAND-
ING HERE!



ON A DESTROYER BRIDGE.

COMMANDER, LOOK!
THE COMPASS!

GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S SPINNING JUST
LIKE A TOP! WHAT
CAN BE WRONG?



MOMENTS LATER, THERE IS A RENDING CRASH
AS THE DESTROYERS SMASH, FULL SPEED,
ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS WHICH DE-
STROYED THE PLANES!!

Meanwhile, on Guatro Island, matters grow worse...



AN ARTILLERY BATTERY, FIRING LIVE SHELLS AT TARGETS, RECEIVES THE RANGE BY RADIO...

RANGE, POINT SEVEN TWO...
ELEVATION, THIRTEEN
POINT FOUR! BATTERY FIRE!



BLUE BOLT, WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN SOLVE THIS BUSINESS ON GUATRO ISLAND!



NO, LOIS! YOU CAN'T GO WITH ME. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THIS SHIP! IT'S TAIL HEAVY!

WHY, BLUE BOLT! YOU KNOW I DON'T WEIGH ENOUGH TO MAKE THE PLANE TAIL HEAVY!

LOIS! YOU STOWAWAY!

AT THE CONTROLS OF A SPEEDY PLANE, BLUE BOLT HURRIES TOWARD GUATRO ISLAND...



INSTEAD OF HITTING THE TARGETS THE SHELLS EXPLODE ON A MARCHING COLUMN OF THEIR OWN INFANTRYMEN!



AT THE BASE, BLUE BOLT DECIDES TO GO ON THE SAME FLIGHT AS THAT OF THE WRECKED PLANES. THE RESCUED PILOT VOLUNTEERS TO FLY HIM!

WE'LL BE OVER THE SAME SPOT SOON!

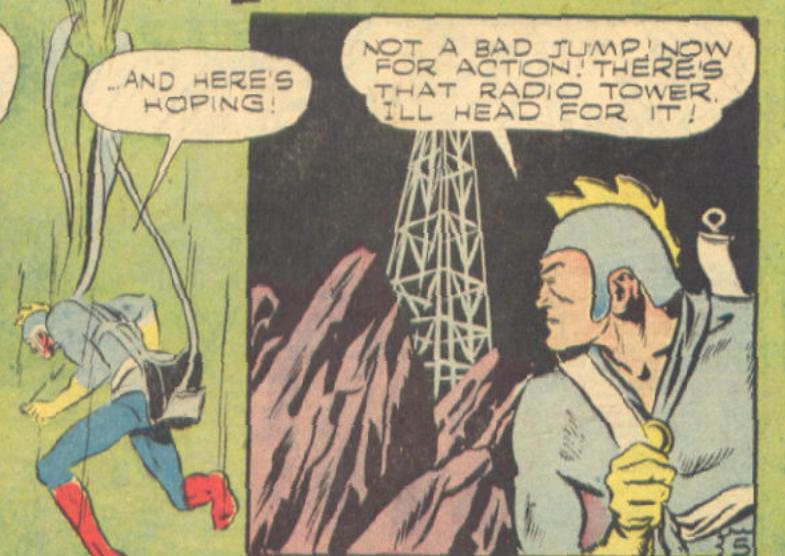
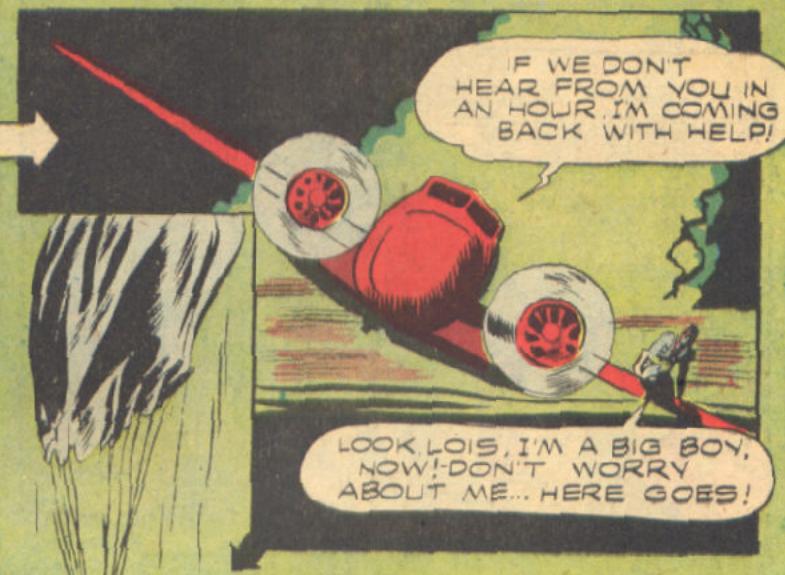
SAY! THIS PLANES TAIL HEAVY!

TAIL HEAVY EH... I KNOW THE ANSWER! COME ON OUT, LOIS, AND BE GOOD... OR ELSE...

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH! NOW TURN AROUND. WHEN WE HIT THE BEAM, DON'T FLY DIRECTLY ON IT! GO ALONGSIDE! SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

HELLO, BOYS! I'LL BE GOOD!

I'M ALONGSIDE IT NOW!



THIS PLACE MUST HAVE BEEN FORMED FROM VOLCANIC LAVA. THERE ARE PLENTY OF CAVES TO HIDE IN AROUND HERE! OH! OH! A GUARD!

KNOCK! KNOCK! IT'S JUST OLD BLUE BOLT!

SILENTLY BLUE BOLT ENTERS THE CAVE FROM WHICH THE RADIO TOWER JUTS OUT.

HMM... QUITE A PARTY!

MOTOR LOWERS THE TOWER, AND THEN...

TOMORROW A FOOD CONVOY IS DUE. WE WILL SEND OUT A MAGNETIC SIGNAL AND THROW THEIR COMPASSES OUT OF KILTER! THE REEFS IN THEIR WAY WILL DO THE REST!

SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE!

LOWER THE TOWER!

IF YOU WANT ME, YOU'LL HAVE TO GRAB ME!

I MUST HEAR MORE! OOPS! FOOT SLIPPED! WOW! THEY'VE SEEN ME!

A SPY! GRAB HIM!

SEIZE HIM, FOOLS!

OW!

THERE, FELLOWS,
THAT'S PUTTING YOUR
HEADS TOGETHER!

I MUST GET
TO THE
TOWER!

HE THROWS A SWITCH,
THE TOWER RISES!

YOU'LL NEVER
LIVE TO PUT
YOUR HANDS
ON ME,
BLUE BOLT!

WHAT A WORKOUT!
HEY YOU! WAIT
FOR ME!



COME AN INCH CLOSER,
AND I'LL PULL THIS
SWITCH! THE VOLTAGE
IT'LL RELEASE WILL
DESTROY EVERYTHING!
HAH! HAH!

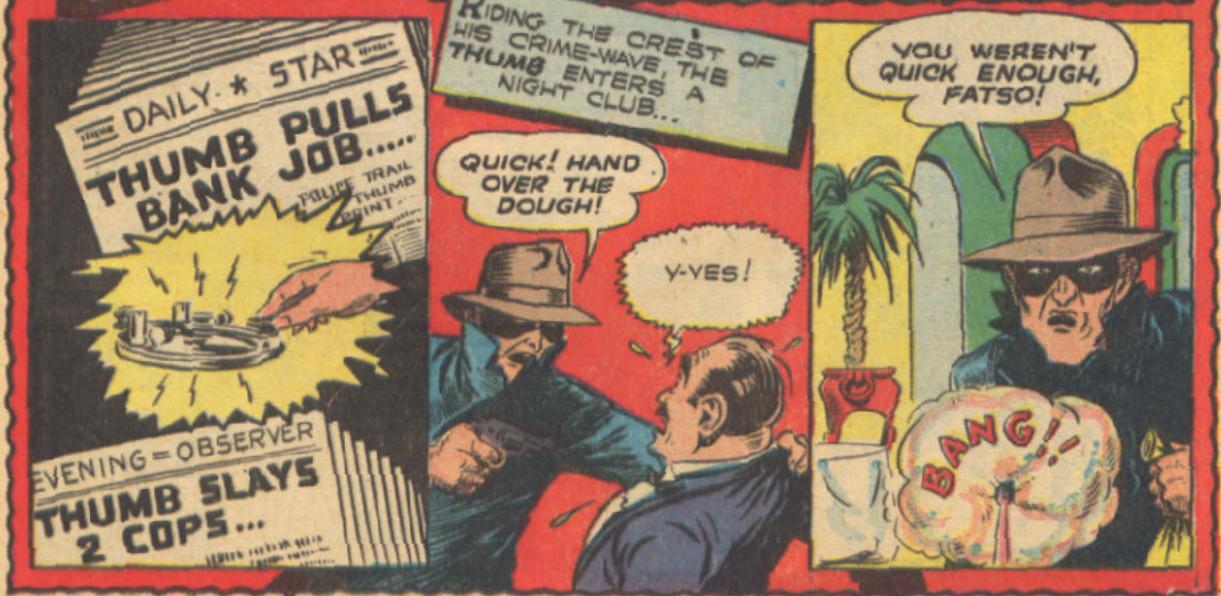
MEANWHILE, LOIS, HAVING
RETURNED TO GAUTRO
ISLAND GETS TIRED OF
WAITING AND COMES
BACK IN A BOAT WITH A
DETACHMENT OF MARINES.



BLINDING GLARE
OF FLAME...AND THE
MEN ARE HURLED
FROM THE TOWER BY
THE IMPACT OF
SURGING VOLTAGE!



Blue Bolt
and **Lois**
WILL BE WITH US AGAIN
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



WHILE THE STUNNED NIGHT CLUB CROWD STANDS HELPLESS...

MY THUMB-
PRINT! SOMETHING FOR
THE COPS TO
REMEMBER
ME BY!
HA! HA!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR BARRY AND CAPTAIN NEILL STUDY A COPY OF THE LATEST CLUE...

AS WE THOUGHT, INSPECTOR--
ANOTHER ONE OF DIGARO'S
THUMBPRINTS!

THAT RAT'S BEEN
RAISING THE DEVIL
SINCE HE GOT
OUT OF
JAIL!

I'M GOING TO
THROW OUT
THE DRAG-NET!

OUT GOES THE
DRAG-NET AS DETEC-
TIVES SWARM INTO THE
RAT-HOLES OF THE
UNDERWORLD!

ONE OF THE SUSPECTS
IS GRILLED...

COME THROUGH,
ROCKY! YOU'RE
ONE OF DIGARO'S
RIVALS! YOU
WANNA GET RID
OF HIM, DON'TCHA?
WHERE'S HIS
HIDEOUT?

YOU'RE A
DETECTIVE--
FIND
OUT!

Suddenly... A GHOSTLY FIGURE APPEARS
IN THE "GRILL ROOM"... SERGEANT SPOOK!

I GIVE UP! MAYBE
HE'S TELLIN' THE
TRUTH! I DON'T
KNOW... PUT HIM
IN THE
LINEUP!

H-MM! THINK
I'LL HAVE A
LOOK AT THE
LINEUP!

THE LINE-UP! — THAT GLARING PLATFORM WHERE ALL CRIMINALS ARE PLACED BEFORE THE STAFF'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GAZE!

WHERE'S DIGARO'S HIDEOUT?

YOU HAD A GUN-FIGHT WITH HIM A YEAR AGO -- WAS THAT THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM?

TOUGH CUSTOMER-- BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE HIM TALK!

I DON'T KNOW,
I DON'T REMEM-
BER... NO... NO...

ARE YOU PLAY-
ING BALL WITH
HIM?

I'LL ASK A QUESTION IN MY OWN WAY!

AI-YI!
WHAT TH-?

When and where did you last see Digaro?
Sergeant Spook

THE GHOST'S HAND WRITES ON THE WALL!

IT HIT ME!
A GHOST HIT ME!

OKAY! I'LL TALK!
ONLY DON'T HIT ME!
I SAW DIGARO TWO WEEKS AGO AT WOODWARD CEMETERY! HE WAS--

BUT BEFORE ROCKY CAN FINISH THE SENTENCE, THE SOUND OF A SHOT RINGS THROUGH THE DARKNESS!

BANG?

DRILLED THROUGH THE HEART,
ROCKY SAGS, A LOOK OF
INFINITE SURPRISE ON HIS
FACE...

HE.. HE..
AGHR-RR..



AS THE SUS-
PECT FALLS
DEAD...

WHO SHOT
HIM? WHY?

HEY! SOMEONE
PUT OUT THE
LIGHTS!

THE GHOST COP LEAPS TO
A WALL SWITCH..

NOW WE'LL THROW
SOME LIGHT ON
THE SUBJECT!



I'LL BE--! THE MARK OF
THE THUMB--ON ROCKY'S
FOREHEAD!??



BARRY WHIRLS AS HE HEARS THE
SCRATCHING OF CHALK!

GOSH! I REMEMBER
HIM! KILLED IN AN
ACCIDENT!

Don't move
from this room, any
of you! I want every
detective fingerprinted--
I'll do the job!!
Sergeant
Spook



DO YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

AH! I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
GHOSTS!

NO? WELL
I DO--FROM
NOW ON!
WOW!

EXIT



BOYS, THAT ADVICE ON THE BOARD SOUNDS
GOOD! SOMEONE BRING A FINGERPRINT
STAND--THE REST OF YOU STEP UP!



POLICE HEADQUARTERS HAS SEEN STRANGE SIGHTS, BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THIS--
A GHOST COP TAKING THE FINGERPRINTS
OF THE WHOLE DETECTIVE BUREAU!

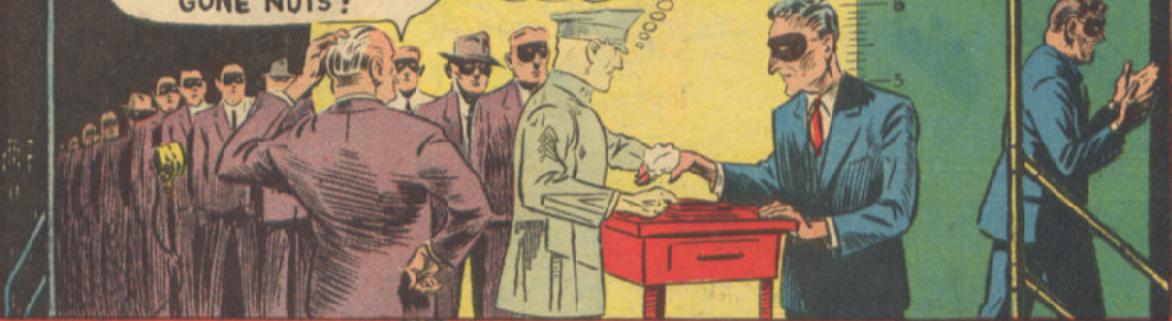
GOSH!--YOU CAN
ACTUALLY FEEL A
HAND GRAB YOUR
THUMB!!!

IF I TOLD MY WIFE ABOUT
THIS, SHE'D THINK I'D
GONE NUTS!

HMM! WHAT'S THIS?
A TRACE OF WAX!!!

6

5



A GHOSTLY HAND STEALS INTO THE POCKET OF THE DETECTIVE BEING FINGERPRINTED...

AHA! A HOLLOW FINGER MADE OF WAX--AND COVERED WITH INK! A REPRODUCTION OF DIGARO'S THUMBPRINT, I'LL BET!

GHOST OR NO GHOST--I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

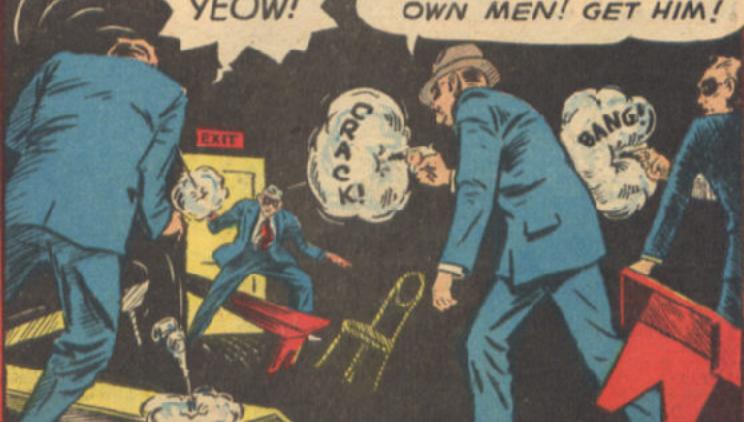


OUT OF
MY WAY--
EVERYONE!

GUN-FLAME STREAKS THE ROOM, AS THE MASKED KILLER ATTEMPTS TO FLEE!

YEOW!

GOSH! ONE OF OUR OWN MEN! GET HIM!



TIME I TOOK A
HAND IN THIS!

EXIT

DROP
IT!

WOW!
SOMEONE
KICKED
ME!

CRACK!
SUDDENLY A GHOST
HAND TEARS OFF
THE KILLER'S MASK!

OOF!..HEY--I CAN'T
FIGHT AIR! STOP!
I GIVE UP!

BOP!

HEY!

WHY, IT'S CAPTAIN
NEILL--MY PARTNER!
SOMEONE GRAB HIM
AND BRING HIM UP
HERE!

EX

LOOK! NEILL'S
SAILIN' THROUGH
THE AIR...HANGIN'
BY THE
SEAT OF
HIS
PANTS!

I'LL FETCH HIM...
WITH PLEASURE!

CONFESSTION--BY A
DETECTIVE!

NO USE STALLIN'
I'M THE
THUMB--!



Y'SEE, I WAS JEALOUS OF BARRY. THOUGHT I WAS BETTER THAN HIM! I FELT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN INSPECTOR. NOT HIM!

...I HIT ON A PLAN TO MAKE BARRY LOOK LIKE A DOPE, AND PROVIDE ME WITH EXTRA DOUGH...

FIRST, ROCKY, WE BUMP OFF DIGARO...

FINE!

WE TOOK HIM FOR A RIDE...

OKAY, ROCKY...NOW TO WOODWARD CEMETERY!

BANG!



WITH THIS WAX IMPRESSION, WE CAN LEAVE HIS THUMB-PRINTS ON THE SCENE OF EVERY CRIME WE PULL...

AND THAT, FOLKS IS THE WAY NEILL WOUND UP! BEING A COP, HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN-- YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!



AND DE COPS, NOT KNOWING HE'S DEAD, WILL BLAME EVERYTHING ON HIM! CAP, YOU'RE A GENIUS!



7

-and YOU
CAN'T BEAT
SERGEANT
SPOOK
WHEN IT
COMES TO
GOOD ACTION
STORIES!!
..Another
in the next
BLUE
BOLT!

YEP, FOLKS, OUR CAPTAIN IS SORTA WORRIED—BUT I SAY, ONE MINE OR A HUNDRED, WE ONLY NEED TO HIT ONE! SO WHAT?

KRISKO and JASPER

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN RESCUED BY A FRIENDLY SUBMARINE.... AND NOW FIND THEMSELVES IN THE CENTER OF A MINE FIELD. THE CAPTAIN CAN SEE NO WAY OUT.

BY JACK A. WARREN

MINES! MINES! AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE—! NOT A CHANCE IN THIS WORLD FOR US TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING TO HELP TH' CAPTAIN OUTA THIS TRAP ON ACCOUNT OF 'CAUSE HE SAVED OUR LIVES.....

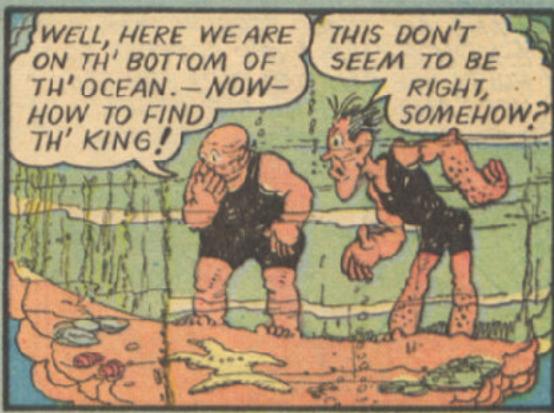
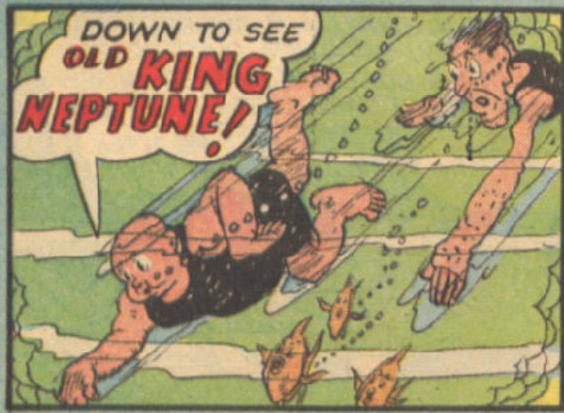
HO HUAN!

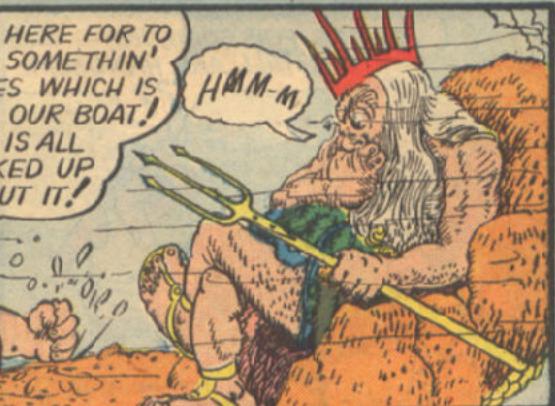
ALL RIGHT, YOU THINK OF SOME WAY OUT. YOU'RE TH' BIG BRAIN OF THIS OUTFIT. I'M GONNA TAKE A SIESTA.....

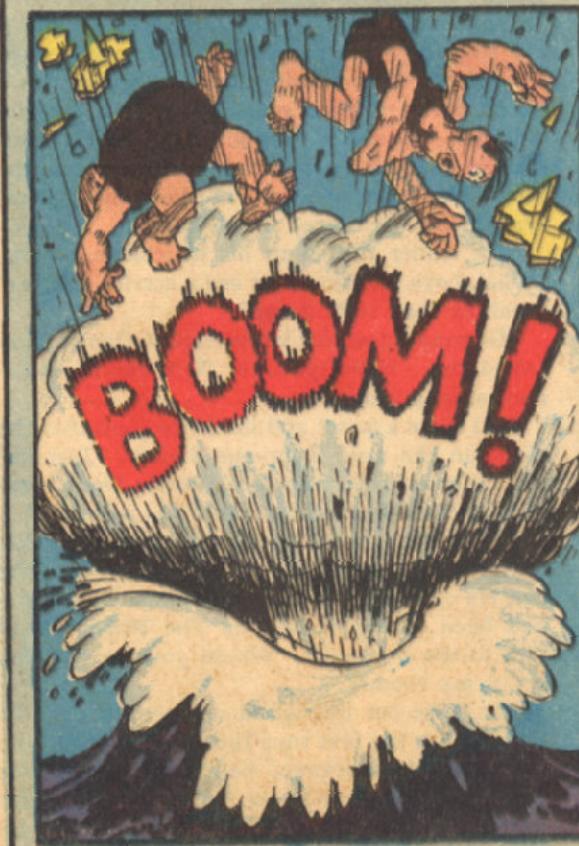
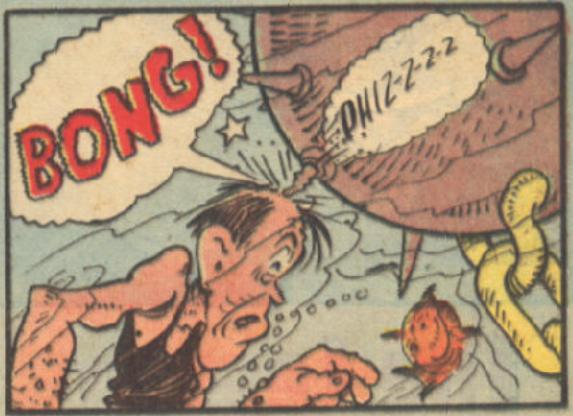
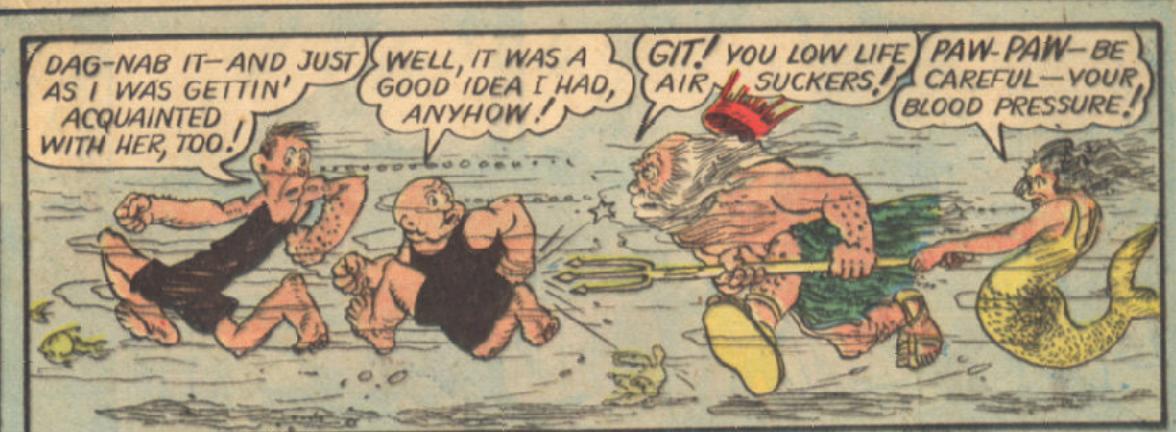
THE MAKINGS OF A RIGHT GOOD DREAM.

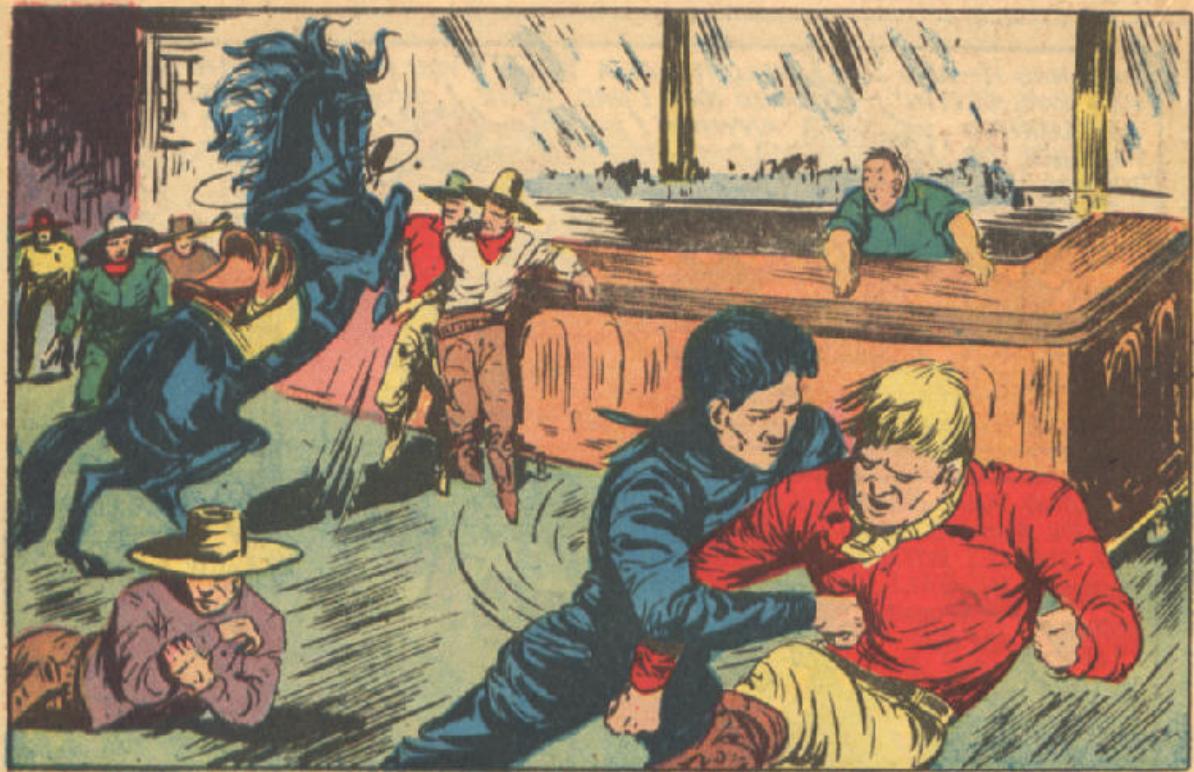
13

Z Z Z









The Lesson

THE RANGE RIDER AND BLACKHORSE TEACH
A FEW BASIC PRINCIPLES—THE HARD WAY!

By Werstein

THE RANGE RIDER leaned over in his saddle to pat Night, his Blackhorse. "Night," said the Rider, "We'll go just a bit further and turn in. We've come a long way today."

The superb horse snorted and pawed the ground as if to express agreement with his master. The pair galloped along the dusty road until they reached a small town. "Green Gulch Hotel" read a weather beaten sign on a shabby building which dominated the quiet street.

"Guess this place is as good as any, Night," murmured the Range Rider. Lithely he swung out of the saddle. He dropped the wonder horse's reins over a hitching post and entered the hotel. As he passed through the swinging doors, a typical scene greeted him. Men lined up at the bar. Several card games were going on. There was much coarse laughter and loud talk.

The Range Rider strode up to the bar. He said to the fat, kindly looking bartender, "I'm a stranger. I'd like to get a room for the night. My horse must be bedded down, too."

The bartender paused while polishing a glass. "Reckon we kin satisfy you, stranger." Suddenly the doors flew open. Six men boisterously entered.

A sudden hush fell on the room. The card players stopped their games. All the eyes turned toward the door. Leading the new group was a burly, beetle-browed man. He wore a two-gun belt. His poisonous eyes gleamed with a murderous light as he glanced sharply about the room. His followers were of the same general type, mean, hard-faced men—killers!

The leader turned to his henchmen, saying, "Waal, boys, did you ever see a sorrier bunch o' hombres than right here?"

His cronies laughed unpleasantly. One of them called out, "Right you be, Ned, there ain't a man among 'em!"

Ned drew a pistol and fired two shots into the clock on the wall. Everyone ducked. "Just put two bullets in that timepiece, yonder. Don't mind ef'n I put a few into any hombre as wishes it."

He slid the pistol back into its holster. Followed by his men, the bully swaggered to the bar. He came right next to the Range Rider, who had been taking all this in. The Rider calmly said to the bartender, "Would you mind seeing about my room?"

His voice cut through the scared silence like a knife. For the first time the ruffian noticed the man in black. "Barkeep," he called, "Mebbe this here stranger don't know me! Mebbe he ain't been told that only I do the talkin'! Mebbe you best tell him who I am!"

STILL AUTOMATICALLY polishing a glass, the harassed bartender said quaveringly, "You be Ned Lewis."

Lewis turned to the Range Rider. "Stranger, does that mean anything to you?"

"No," replied the Rider with a wry smile—

"Tell him more, barkeep. Tell him who these men are!"

"These men are your gang. You be the best gunman in the county! These others be next best, *Mr. Lewis*." The bartender's voice trembled with terror. The other men looked on tensely. A heavy electric stillness blanketed the room.

Ned Lewis walked closer to the Range Rider. He pushed his face near and snarled, "That's me. *Ned Lewis!* If you be lookin' fer trouble, Waddy, you'll get it from me!"

The Rider looked directly into the man's eyes. In an even tone he said, "I don't want trouble. You seem to be looking for it."

A grimmer tenseness gripped the room. Men leaned forward. Someone coughed. The bartender dropped his glass. It shattered, almost exploded, on the floor. Three patrons at the bar backed away. One of the bully's men loosened his gun. The others moved closer to the Range Rider.

Lewis turned pale with anger. His eyes blazed fiercely. His jaw muscles quivered under his taut cheeks. "Stranger, I warn ye, ye're playin' with fire! Another word'll be yer last!"

The Rider spoke quietly. "I came here for a night's lodging, not a brawl."

Ned Lewis stepped back with a grin. The atmosphere cleared as everyone took his cue from the beetle-browed killer. He laughed. "I see! Ye wear *black*, but you've got a *yellow streak*."

They all howled at that sally. Lewis called to the bartender, "Whiskey! Straight and strong." His men took the same. Lewis was lifting his glass when it crumbled in his hand. A shot echoed through the room! The acrid odor of gunpowder hung heavily in the air. Eyes turned on the Range Rider. He stood in the center of the room. A smoking six-gun was pointed at Lewis. He said, "I think you've reached the end of your rope, Lewis, it's high time you were exposed for the cheap coward you really are!"

HOLDING HIS GUNS AT THE HIPS, the Rider walked over to the astounded gunman. He slapped the bully across the mouth. One of Ned's pals reached for a gun, but he never made it! The Rider's six-guns spat flame and lead. With a moan, the gunman sank to the floor nursing a shattered wrist. "The next man who moves gets a bullet in his skull!" declared the Rider.

He pursed his lips and emitted a low whistle. A gasp went up as the doors flew open and a magnificent black horse came in. *It was Night!*

"Night," said the Rider, "watch these men. If one of them moves a muscle, take care of him!" He pointed to the astonished gangsters. The intelligent horse placed himself in front of them. The men were too frightened to budge. The wounded man cursed under his breath.

"Now you," the Rider dropped his pistols back into their holsters, and seized Lewis by the shirt-front. "Loosen your gun belt." Like a man in a daze, Lewis obeyed, and his guns slid to the floor. Without letting go of his man, the Rider unbuckled his own belts and tossed them on a table.

"Put up your fists, hombre, you are going to be taught a lesson!"

With a snarl, Lewis swung a terrific punch. The Rider nimbly blocked it. His powerful fists beat an endless tattoo on the bully's face and body. A sharp right cross caught the killer squarely on the jaw. He went down. The Rider addressed himself to the cowed gang. "Any more of you *hard* men want the same?" Not one answered.

"Just as I thought. *Cowards!* The lot of you! Toss your guns on the floor." The men did.

"Let them have it, *Night*," shouted the Range Rider, winking at Blackhorse. With a terrifying neigh the huge horse reared high on his hind legs. The bullies didn't wait for any more. They rushed for the door, falling over each other in their terror.

"Down, *Night*," said the Horseman. The miracle horse dropped his forelegs. Lewis sat up. "Now get!" the Rider told him. "Don't ever let me hear any more about you or I'll come back and finish this job!" The beaten killer plunged out, aided by a few well directed kicks from the Rider's toe. "Better get this one to a doctor," he said, pointing to the wounded man. Two of the onlookers aided the latter to his feet and helped him through the doors.

The Range Rider placed his arm around *Night's* neck. "Good Horse!"

Men rushed up to them. They pounded the Rider on the back and petted his horse. The bartender said, "Stranger, you sure done us a favor. What kin we do fer you?"

The Range Rider smiled at him. "I'd like that room now. I'll see my horse made comfortable first." He walked out, leading *Night*.

THE END



The

WHITE RIDER

and

SUPER HORSE

GOLD! GOLD! THE DULL YELLOW METAL FOR WHICH MEN HAVE STOLEN, KILLED AND STARVED! **WHITE RIDER** AND **SUPERHORSE** FOIL A WILD PLOT BY A SHREWD SWINDLER, AS A QUIET REGION OF THE TEXAS PANHANDLE IS TURNED INTO A SCENE OF TEEMING ACTIVITY! BOOM TOWNS SPRING UP OVER NIGHT, AS MEN RACE TO THE SOURCE OF A NEW GOLD STRIKE!

MOUNTED ON HIS SUPERHORSE, **CLOUD**, THE **WHITE RIDER** APPROACHES A BOOM TOWN. A STRANGE SIGHT GREETS THEM...

SAY, CLOUD! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS? THOSE FELLOWS SURE PICKED A QUEER PLACE TO SLEEP!

CLOUD! THIS FELLOW ISN'T SLEEPING. HE'S DEAD! SHOT THRU THE HEART!

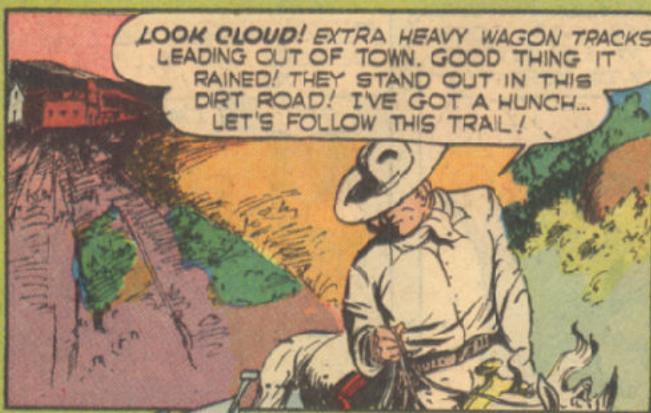


THE RIDER MOVES FROM ONE INERT FORM TO ANOTHER. TO HIS AMAZEMENT, HE FINDS SOME OF THE MEN DEAD.. OTHERS UNCONSCIOUS...WITH A FEEBLE GROAN, ONE MAN SITS UP...

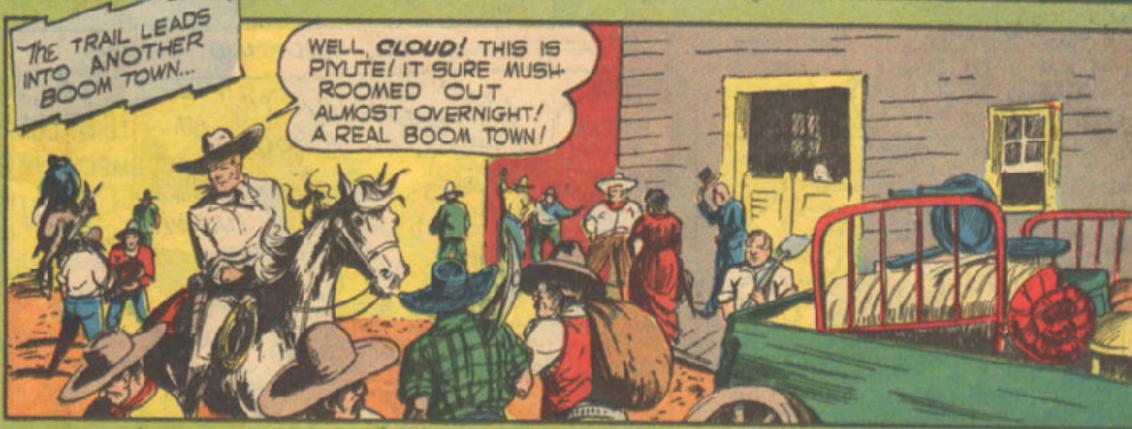


MIGHTY STRANGE! SOME OF THEM SHOT.. OTHERS OUT COLD! EMPTY GOLD SACKS ALL OVER THE PLACE. EVIDENTLY SOMEONE'S ROBBED THESE BOYS! CLOUD! THERE'S WORK FOR US!





ACTING ON HIS HUNCH, THE WHITE RIDER FOLLOWS THE TRACKS...



THE RIDER NOTICES A LARGE MEDICINE WAGON PARKED IN AN ALLEYWAY...



Suddenly... THE TIME-HONORED CRY OF THE WEST RINGS OUT...



RECKON I'D BETTER
BREAK THIS UP!

THE RIDER'S
GUNS ROAR!

WOW! THERE GOES
MY YEST BUTTONS!
I'M MOSEYIN'!

HELP!

CRACK!

ZING!

ZIP!

FULLY IMPRESSED, THE GUNMEN
ARE MORE THAN WILLING....
TO QUIT!

GIT!

I'M GITTIN'!

BETTER TAKE
CARE OF THE
WOUNDED
MAN!

STRANGER,
I'LL NEVER
FERGIT YER
SHOOTIN' IRONS!

YOU SURE KIN
HANDLE
SHOOTIN'
IRONS!

THAT EVENING... THE MEDICINE SHOW!

SWELL
SHOW!

OH! SUSANNA!
DON'T YOU...

DANDY!

DR. CUREAL'S
MEDICINE
SHOW

YIPPEE!

GENTLEMEN! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED
THE SHOW! NOW I HAVE HERE A BOT-
TLE OF PANACEA! GUARANTEED TO
CURE ARTHRITIS, HANG-NAILS AND
WHAT AILS YOU... ONE DOLLAR PER
BOTTLE... STEP UP AND GET ONE!

"SHILLS" IN THE CROWD START THE BALL ROLLING...

GIMME
THREE!

I HEAR THIS IS
GOOD FOR
DANDRUFF!

I'LL TAKE
ONE!

INSIDE THE
WAGON...

Nearly every man in the crowd buys a bottle...

THIS IS
GOOD!

RECKON IT'LL HELP
MY RHEUMATIZ!

QUEER
SMELL!

BOSS, THESE
HOMBRES ARE
LOADED DOWN
WITH GOLD
DUST!

PATIENCE, LAD. LET
THE KNOCKOUT
DROPS WORK! AND
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH
THE REST!

A TWO
OUNCE
SLUG WILL
FIX THEM!

THE DRUGGED MEDICINE BE-GINS ITS WORK!

OHO! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER! THE MEDICINE IS DRUGGED! RECKON I'LL PLAY ALONG TOO...HMM...



THE CROOKED "DOCTOR'S" MEN GO INTO ACTION...

THERE'S A GUY! LET HIM HAVE IT!

COME ON, MOVE FAST! GET THAT GOLD!

CRACK!

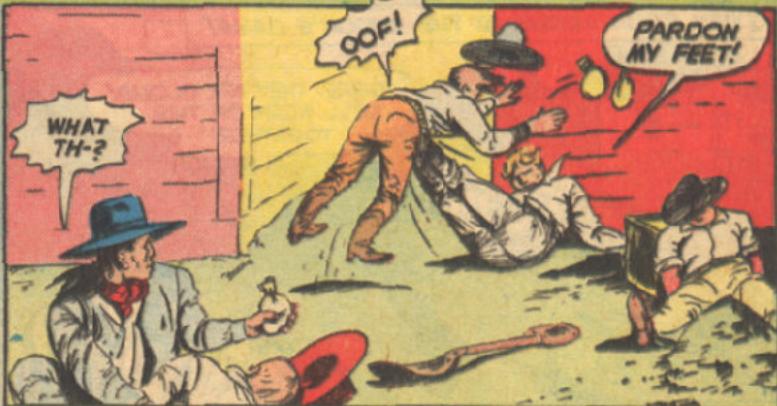
UHH!



LET'S SEE WHAT THIS GUY HAS ON HIM!



WHAT TH-?



PARDON MY FEET!

THE RIDER LEAPS TO BATTLE...BUT A RIFLE IS LEVELLED AT HIS BACK...



WHAT TH-!

UHH!

ENTER...SUPERHORSE!

DR. CUREALL...

The CROOKS SPEED AWAY!

HOWEVER, DR. CUREALL HAS SEEN THIS AND...

THIS'LL HOLD YOU! COME ON! LET'S GIT!

POW!



SUPERHORSE REVIVES THE RIDER...



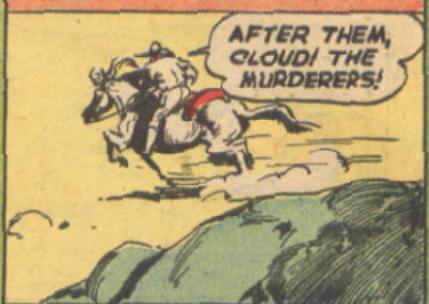
...BY DUMPING HIM INTO A HORSE TROUGH!

PHEW! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO, CLOUD?



WITH A SHAKE OF HIS GREAT HEAD, SUPERHORSE SHOWS THE RIDER THE WAY! AT FULL SPEED... THEY TAKE AFTER THEM!

AFTER THEM, CLOUD! THE MURDERERS!



THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE CROOK'S CAMP!



THERE THEY ARE, CLOUD! WE'LL WORK ON THIS TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT, HOMBRES! I'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! THROW ALL THE GOLD INTO ONE SATCHEL!



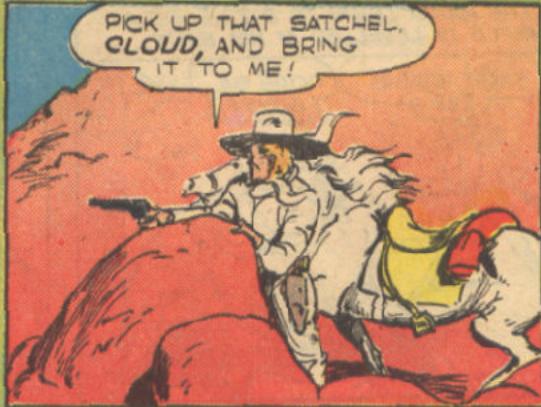
HURRY, DOC! AFORE WE GIT PLUGGED! MUST BE A POSSE!

CAN'T MOVE ANY FASTER!

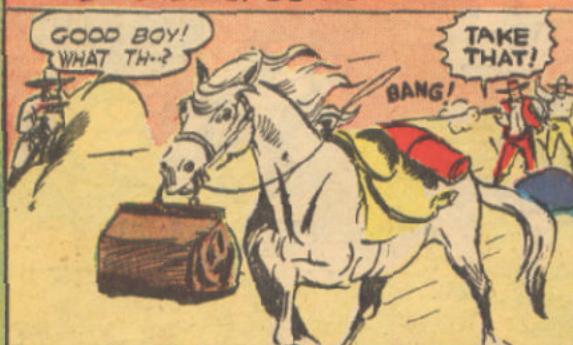
THINK OF SOMETHING, QUICK!



PICK UP THAT SATCHEL, CLOUD, AND BRING IT TO ME!



THE BRILLIANT HORSE CARRIES OUT HIS ORDERS, BUT...



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE EXCITEMENT, THEY BREAK UP TO ADVANCE ON THE RIDER FROM BEHIND BOULDERS...



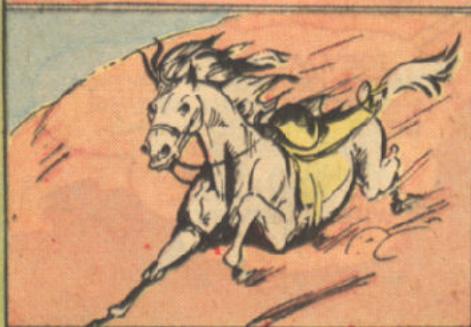
Suddenly... A CIRCLE OF GUNS POINT AT THE RIDER...



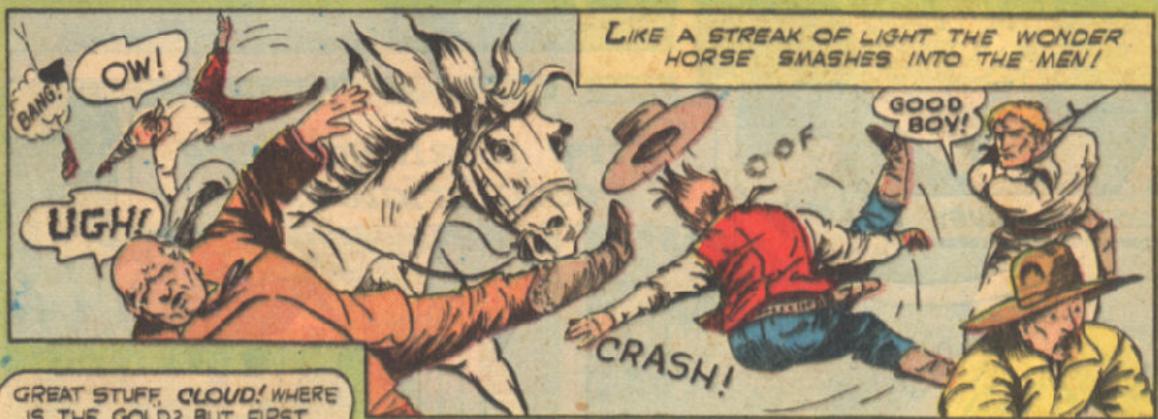
THE LYNCHING PROCEEDS...



Suddenly, CLOUD COMES DOWN THE HILL TOWARD THE CROOKS...



LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT THE WONDER HORSE SMASHES INTO THE MEN!



GREAT STUFF, CLOUD! WHERE IS THE GOLD? BUT FIRST I'LL TIE THESE FELLOWS BEFORE THEY GET ACTIVE AGAIN!



THE CROOKS ARE ROUNDED UP AND... CLOUD LEADS THE RIDER TO THE GOLD!



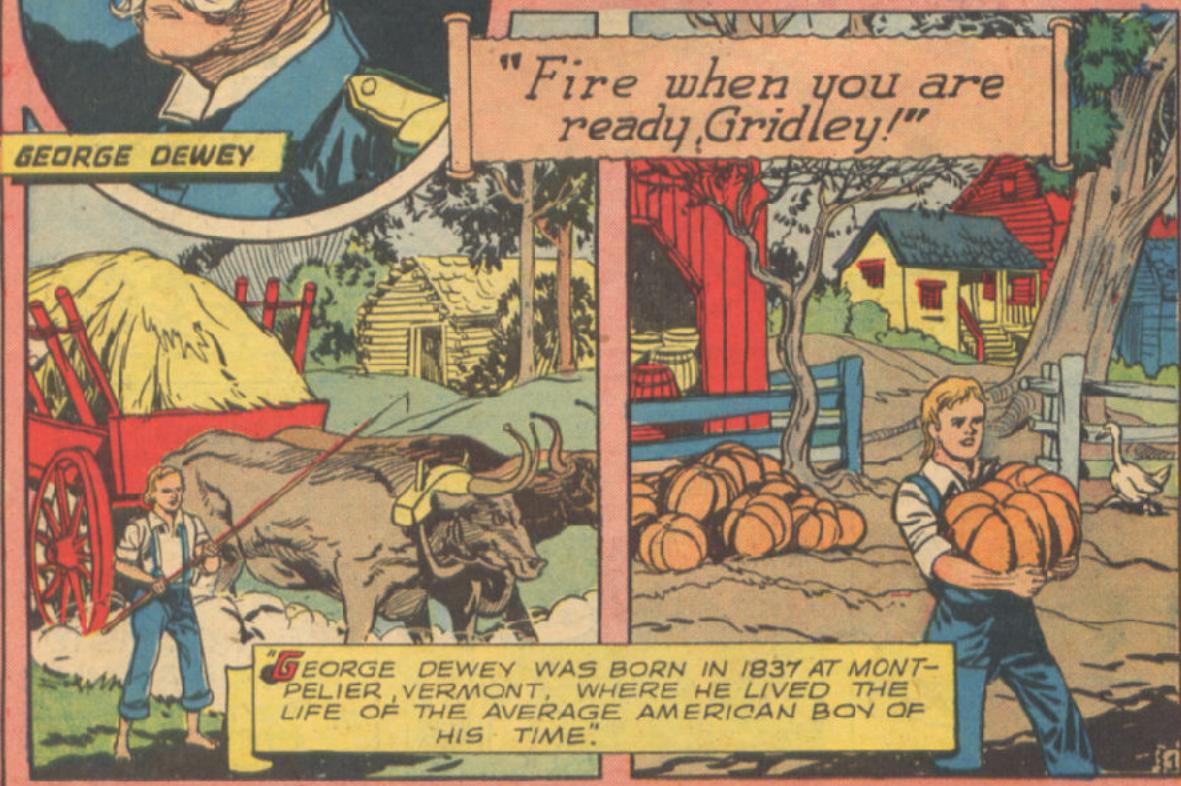
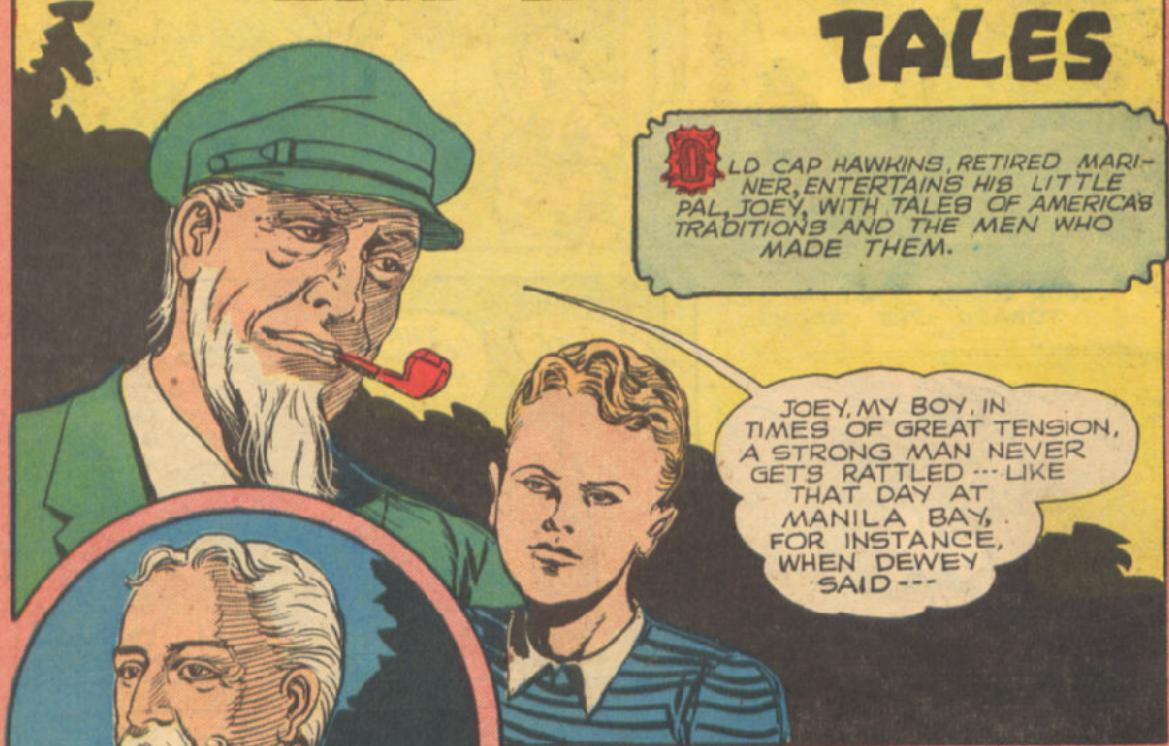
THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE --



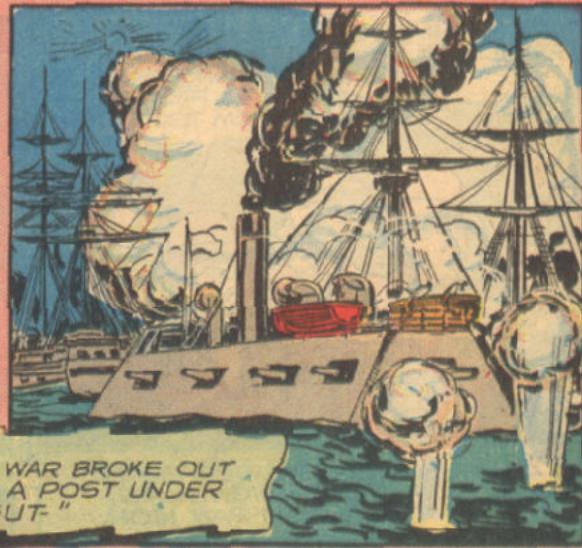
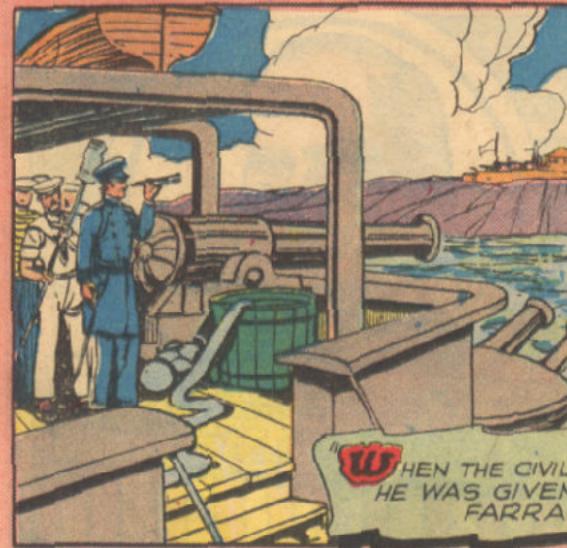
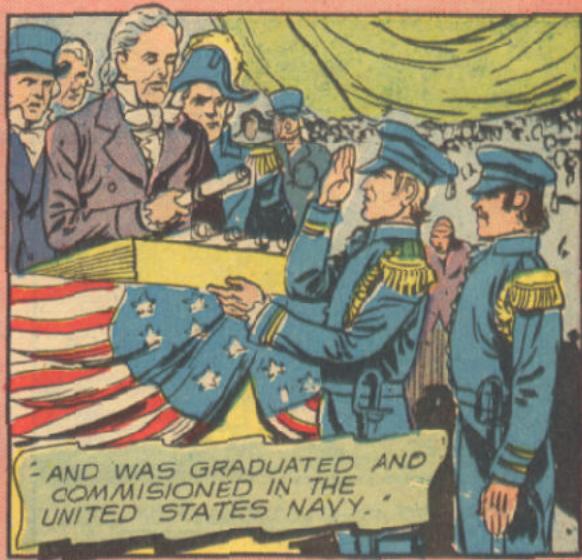
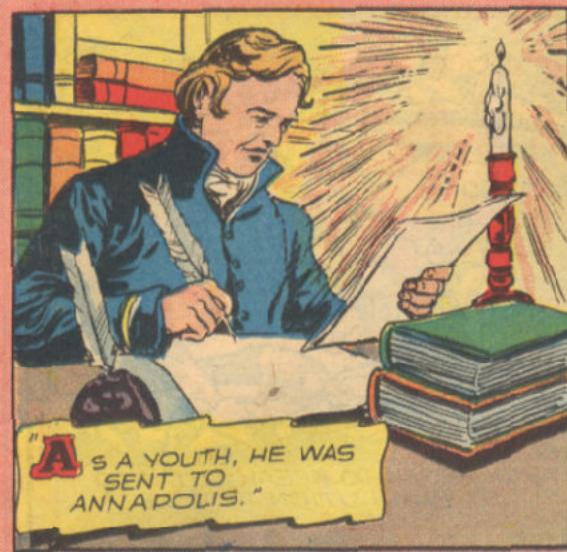
OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES



OLD CAP HAWKINS, RETIRED MARINER, ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, WITH TALES OF AMERICA'S TRADITIONS AND THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.



GEORGE DEWEY WAS BORN IN 1837 AT MONTPELIER, VERMONT, WHERE HE LIVED THE LIFE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN BOY OF HIS TIME.





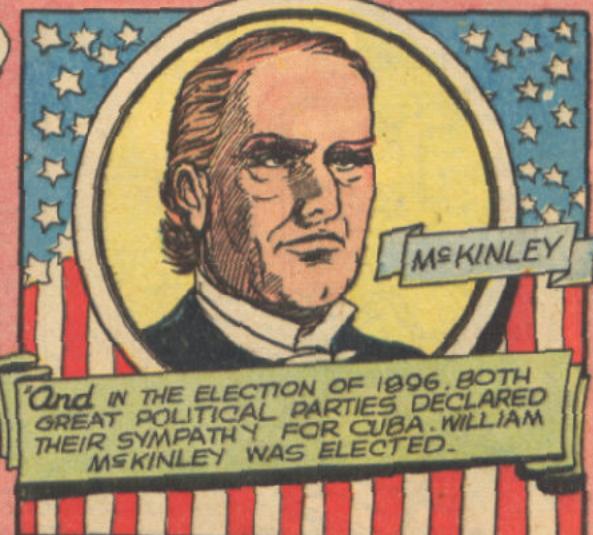
**SPAIN'S LONG MISMANAGEMENT OF CUBA
HAD AROUSED GREAT UNREST--"**



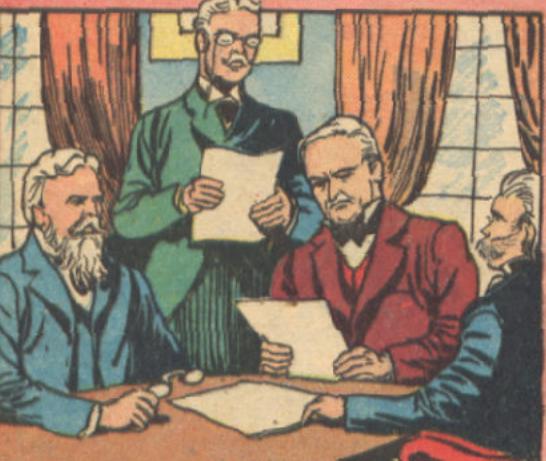
**"--WHICH BEGAN TO BREAK OUT INTO
BLOODY REVOLUTION IN 1895!"**



**AROUSED BY THE DESPERATE
PLIGHT OF THEIR NEIGHBORS,
AMERICAN FEELINGS RAN HIGH.**



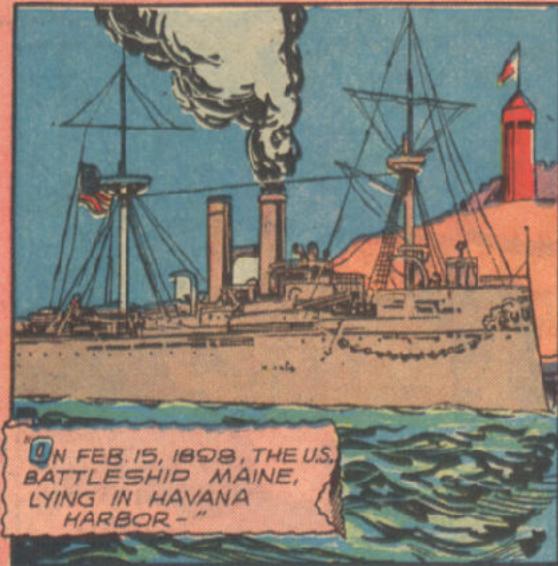
**'And in the election of 1896, both
great political parties declared
their sympathy for Cuba. William
McKinley was elected.'**



**"MCKINLEY TRIED VAINLY TO PER-
SUADE SPAIN TO GRANT CUBA A
DEGREE OF INDEPENDENCE."**



**"BUT PUBLICATION OF AN OFFENSIVE
LETTER ABOUT MCKINLEY BY THE
SPANISH MINISTER SET THE
COUNTRY ON EDGE..."**



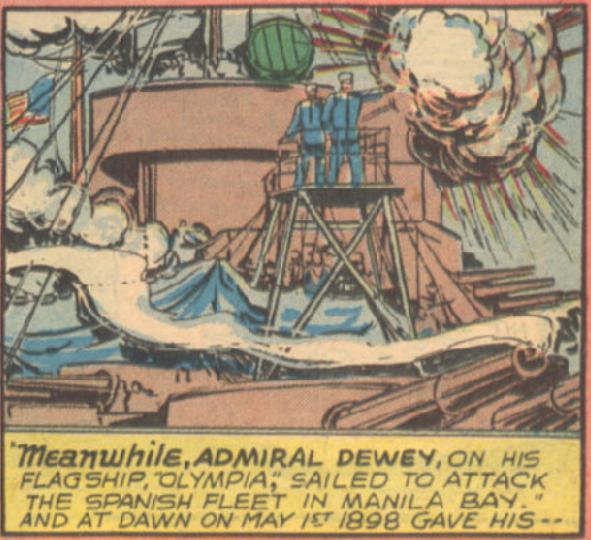
ON FEB. 15, 1898, THE U.S.
BATTLESHIP MAINE,
LYING IN HAVANA
HARBOR -



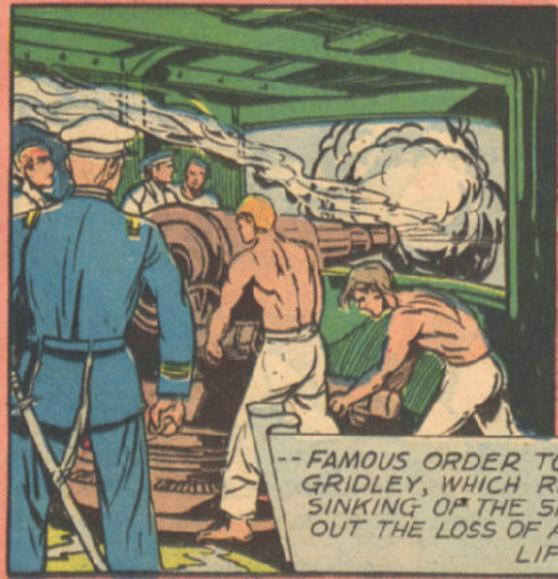
"WAS SUNK BY A MINE
WITH GREAT LOSS OF
AMERICAN LIVES!"



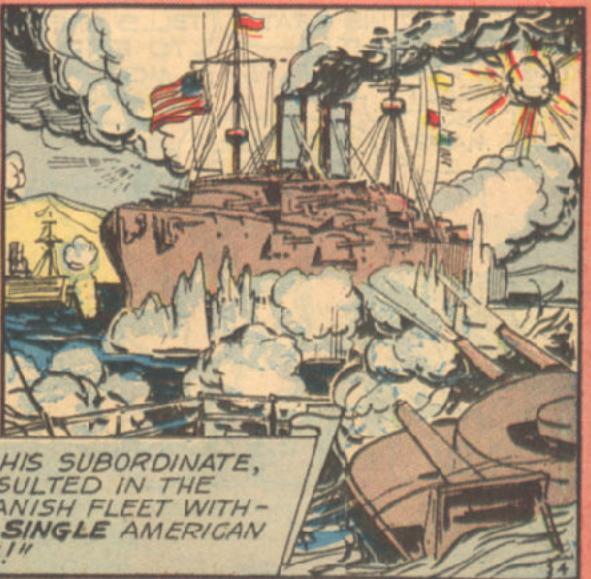
-AND
THE WAR
WAS
ON!"



"Meanwhile, ADMIRAL DEWEY, ON HIS
FLAGSHIP, "OLYMPIA," SAILED TO ATTACK
THE SPANISH FLEET IN MANILA BAY."
AND AT DAWN ON MAY 1ST 1898 GAVE HIS--



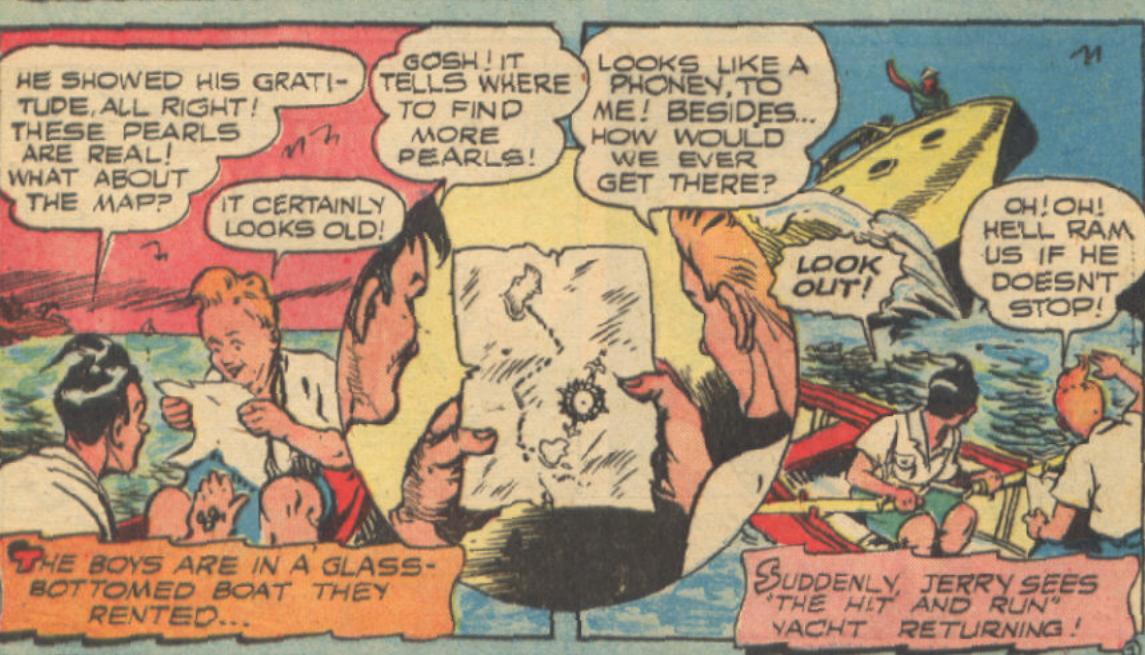
-- FAMOUS ORDER TO HIS SUBORDINATE,
GRIDLEY, WHICH RESULTED IN THE
SINKING OF THE SPANISH FLEET WITH-
OUT THE LOSS OF A **SINGLE** AMERICAN
LIFE!"



Edison BELL

by
RAY GILL
and
HAROLD DE LAY

DIVING FOR BLACK PEARLS
OFF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND
HOLDS PLENTY OF ADVENTURE
AND MYSTERY FOR EDISON
BELL AND HIS PAL, JERRY.
WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE MAP
THEY RECEIVED FROM A
NATIVE DIVER THEY RESCUED.
THE NATIVE HAD BEEN
HIT BY A SPEEDING YACHT
WHILE DIVING IN THE BAY!
WITH THE MAP, WERE
THREE BLACK PEARLS...



THE BOYS ARE IN A GLASS-
BOTTOMED BOAT THEY
RENTED...

SUDDENLY, JERRY SEES
"THE HIT AND RUN"
YACHT RETURNING!

HEY! YOU BIG 'LUG! THESE WATERS ARE SHARK-INFESTED!

HAH! HAH!

TAKE IT EASY I'M NOT GOING TO SPLASH YOU! HAH! WHERE'S THE DIVER? I SAW YOU PULL HIM OUT!

A LOT YOU CARE! IF IT WASN'T FOR EDDIE, HERE, HE'D HAVE DROWNED!

THE HEAVY WAVES NEARLY OVERTURN THEM!

SO, EDDIE'S A HERO! WHAT'S THAT GOING TO GET HIM?

PLENTY! IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A WISE GUY, MAYBE YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN THE PEARLS AND MAP!

OH! SO, HE PAID YOU OFF... HMM! WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT AFTER ALL. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HIT HIM UNTIL I SAW YOU PULL HIM OUT!

LET'S LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES!

EASY, PAL EASY!

THAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR FAVORITE TRICK... NEVER LOOKING BACK!

WHY YOU!

LOOK OUT, EDDIE!

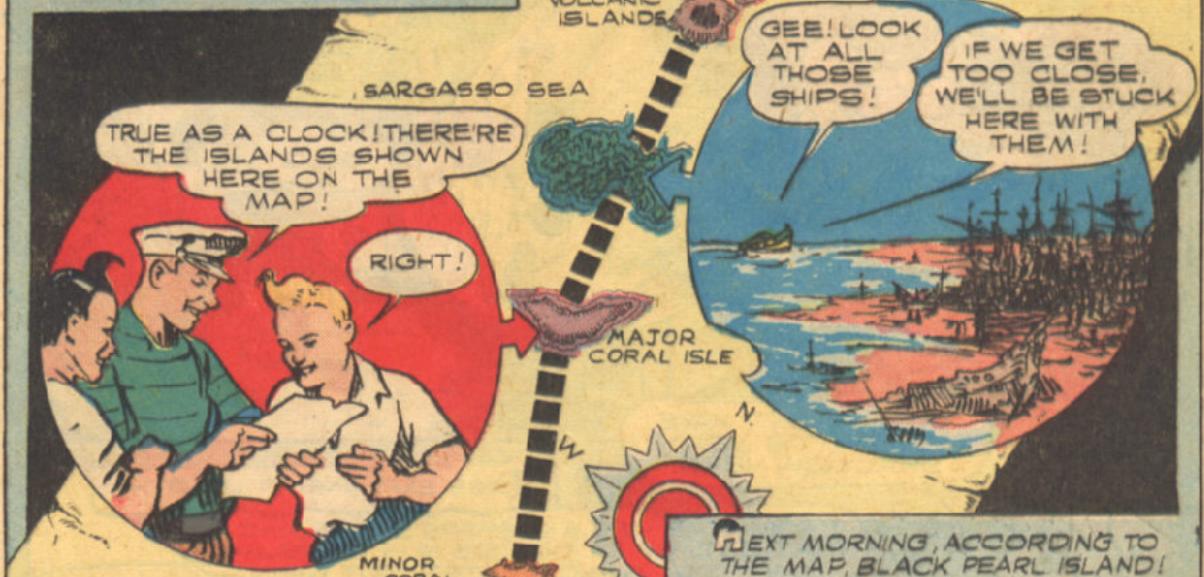
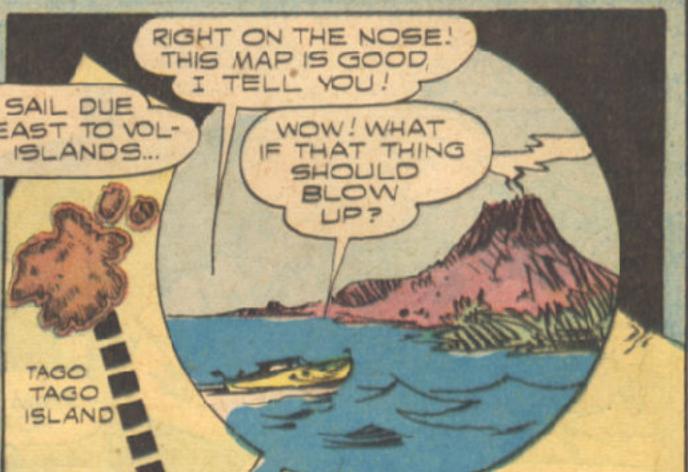
GRABBING THE YACHTSMAN'S ARM EDDIE PULLS HIM OFF THE YACHT!

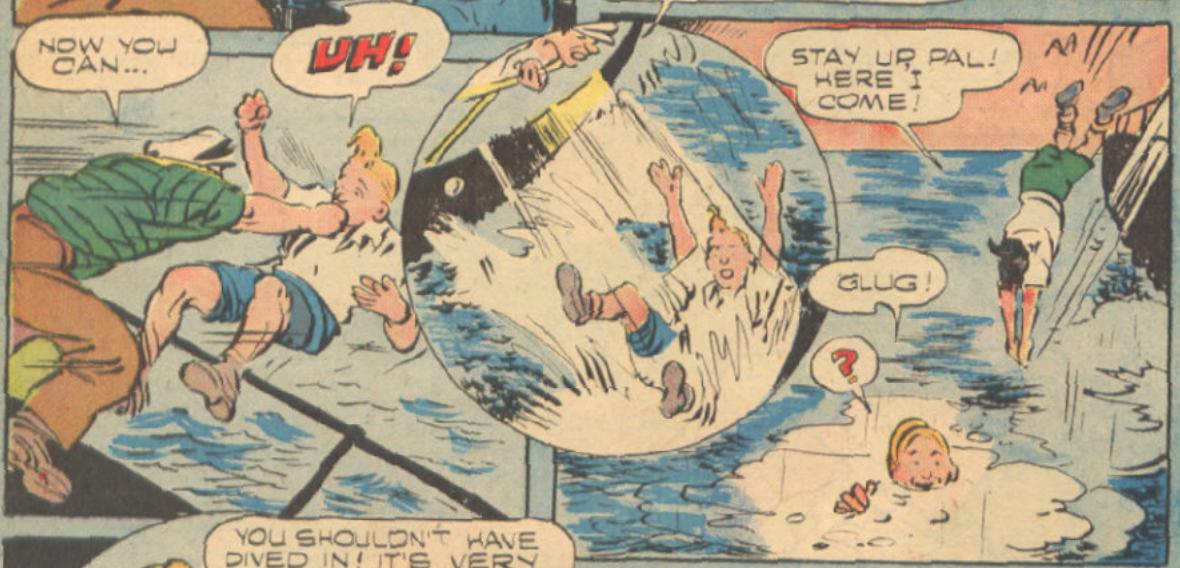
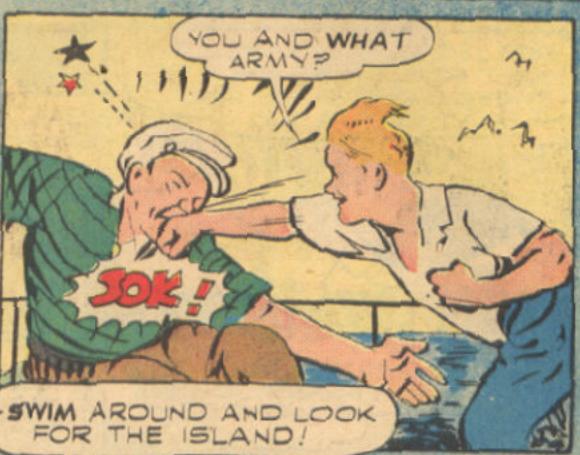
HALP!

HA! HA! POSITION IN LIFE IS EVERYTHING!



THEY TAKE THE GLASS-BOTTOMED
BOAT BACK TO THE "OLD SALT"
THEY HAD RENTED IT FROM,
ON THE ISLAND OF TAGO-TAGO!



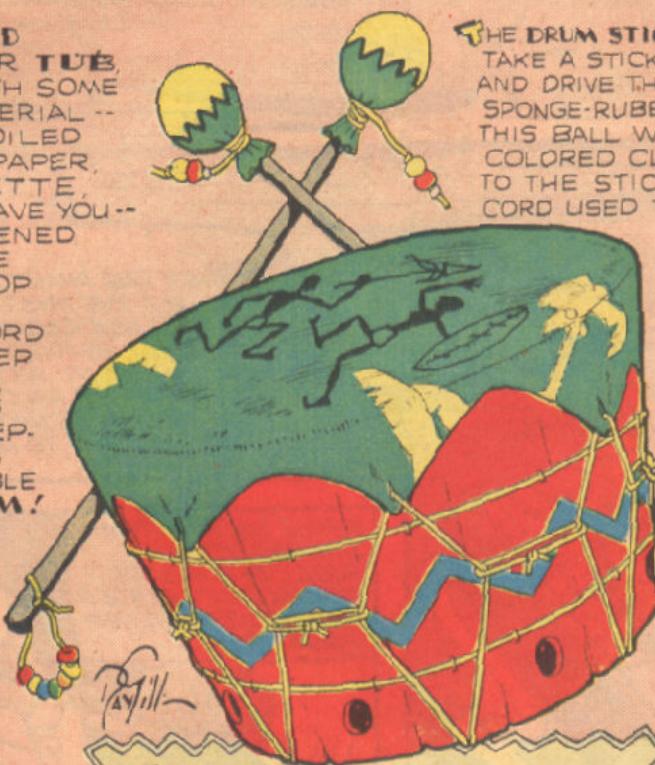


EDISON BELL'S SOUTH SEA ISLAND

Ceremonial DRUM

*COLORFUL! ODD! Simple to MAKE!

AN OLD BUTTER TUB, COVERED WITH SOME TOUGH MATERIAL -- RAWHIDE, OILED WRAPPING PAPER, LEATHERETTE, OR WHAT HAVE YOU -- AND FASTENED TO THE OPEN TOP WITH HEAVY CORD OR LEATHER THONGS, PROVIDES A VERY DEEP, SOUNDING AND DURABLE **TOM TOM!**



THE DRUM STICKS ARE SIMPLY MADE. TAKE A STICK, POINT ONE END, AND DRIVE THIS POINT INTO A SMALL SPONGE-RUBBER BALL. THEN COVER THIS BALL WITH LEATHER OR COLORED CLOTH. BIND THE CLOTH TO THE STICK WITH THE SAME CORD USED TO FASTEN ON THE DRUM HEAD.

DECORATE THE DRUM HEAD WITH BRIGHTLY-COLORED "MATCH-STICK FIGURES" HOLDING SPEARS AND SHIELDS. PAINT THE SIDES OF THE DRUM ALSO. THEN -- TO FINISH THE JOB -- FURTHER DECORATE THE STICKS WITH LARGE COLORED BEADS.

THE DRUM IS ONE OF THE OLDEST, MOST PRIMITIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD. SOUTH SEA ISLAND NATIVES FIND A WIDE VARIETY OF USES FOR IT. LOVE ... MEDICINE ... RELIGION ... ENTERTAINMENT ... AND COMMUNICATION ... ARE ALL TO THE EXOTIC RHYTHM OF THE **TOM TOM!**



IF DRUM HEAD IS TO BE OF RAWHIDE, SOAK FIRST IN WATER ... THEN, WHEN DRY, IT WILL BE VERY TIGHT.



TO TIGHTEN THE DRUM HEAD MORE -- PULL SIDE CORDS TOGETHER WITH SHORT PIECES.

the

PHANTOM SUB

By
FOS

WHEN THE PHANTOM CREW
SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF
THE BLACK CLOUD, LITTLE
DID THEY REALIZE THAT
THIS INCIDENT WAS TO BRING
THEM FACE TO FACE WITH THE
GREATEST MENACE THAT
THEY HAD YET TO MEET!

WHILE THE PHANTOM
SUB FOUGHT THE
HUGE "BLACK CLOUD"
DIRIGIBLE, INTERESTED
SPECTATORS WATCHED
FROM ABOVE -

SO!

WELL, KARL, THAT
QUEER PLANE
HAS SAVED US
A LOT OF
TROUBLE!

YES, THIS WILL
MAKE THE COMMANDER
VERY HAPPY!

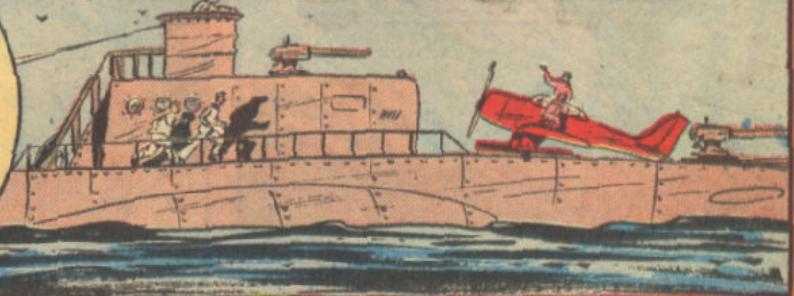
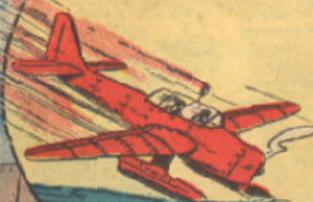
THE MYSTERY PLANE TURNS AND
ROARS AWAY -

YOU TOOK THE EXACT
LOCATION OF THAT
SPOT, KARL?

YES, I KNOW THE
COMMANDER WILL CONDONE
NO MISTAKES!

AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT,
THE MYSTERY PLANE
LANDS--

SUDDENLY-- A STRANGE THING
HAPPENS-- A HUGE SUBMARINE
SURFACES UNDER THE PLANE, LIFTING
IT NEATLY ONTO ITS DECK!



QUICKLY THE PLANE'S WINGS ARE
FOLDED BACK AND IT IS PUSHED INTO
A HANGAR ON THE SUB'S DECK!

QUICKLY THERE!
TWO MINUTES MORE
AND WE DIVE!



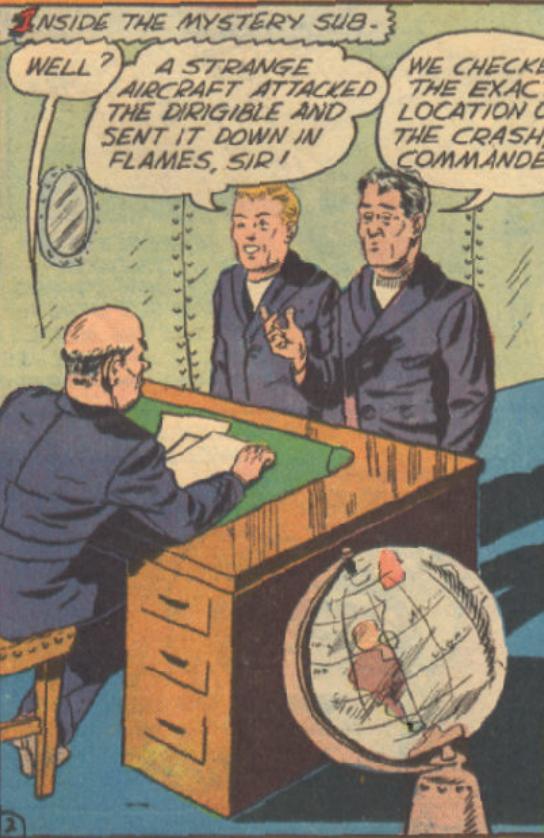
THE MYSTERIOUS SUB NOW SUBMERGES
AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD SURFACED--



INSIDE THE MYSTERY SUB--

WELL?
A STRANGE
AIRCRAFT ATTACKED
THE DIRIGIBLE AND
SENT IT DOWN IN
FLAMES, SIR!

WE CHECKED
THE EXACT
LOCATION OF
THE CRASH,
COMMANDER!



GOOD! AT LAST WE WILL
DISCOVER THE SECRET OF
THAT LIGHTNING CANNON!
THAT IS, IF ANYTHING
REMAINS OF IT! HAVE THE
SHIP SENT TO THE SPOT
OF THE CRASH!

YES,
SIR!

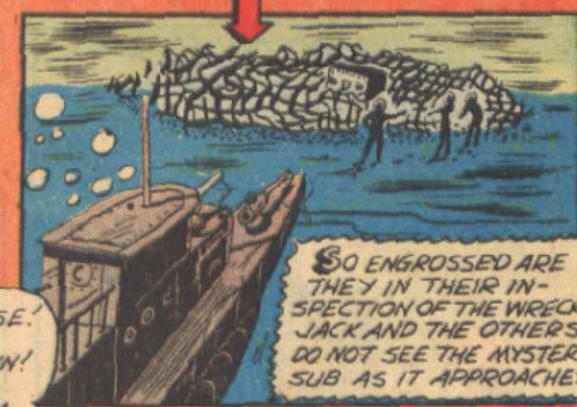


MEANWHILE, ABOARD
THE PHANTOM SUB--

BOY, OH BOY! THAT
JU JITSU ON THE
DIRIGIBLE WORKED
GREAT, JACK!

YES, LUCKILY!
NOW WE'VE GOT
TO FIND OUT
HOW THEIR
LIGHTNING CANNON
WORKED! -WE'LL
DIVE AND LOOK
OVER THE
WRECKAGE!





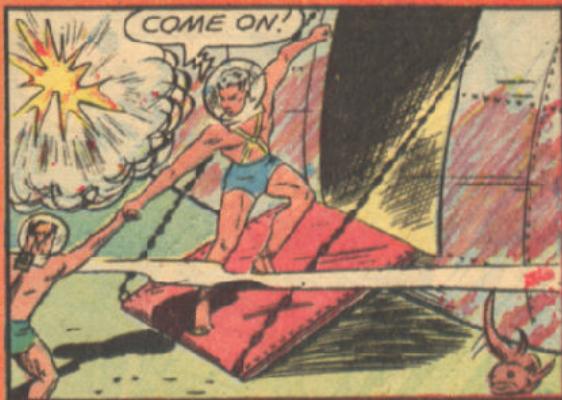
OUT FROM THE SIDE OF THE MYSTERY
SUB RUMBLES A SMALL TANK!.. AND
THEN ANOTHER TANK!

JACK AND THE OTHERS ARE
STILL UNAWARE OF THE
APPROACHING MENACE,
WHEN SUDDENLY!

YEEOW! LOOK!
TANKS! THEY
FIRED AT US!

BOY! IF THAT
SHELL HAD LANDED
ANY CLOSER THE
CONCUSSION WOULD
HAVE KILLED
US!

WHAT
HAPPENED?



WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

THERE'S NO
TIME TO WONDER.
START THE
MOTORS!

THE UNDERWATER TANK'S
TEMPORARILY BAFFLE
THE PHANTOM CREW..
SO THEY SEEK REFUGE
IN RETREAT!



ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB...

SWING THE SUB IN A WIDE ARC AND APPROACH THE WRECKAGE FROM A SOUTHERLY DIRECTION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!

SO, APPROACHING THE SCENE FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, THE PHANTOM SUB IS GUIDED INTO A MASS OF UNDERSEA GROWTH...

FROM THIS HIDING PLACE, THE PHANTOM CREW SEES THE MYSTERY SUB APPROACH. THE TANKS --



INSIDE THE MYSTERY SUB...

GREAT WORK, TANK CREWS! YOUR JOB NOW IS TO DRAG THAT WRECKAGE TO THE BASE--

WHILE ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB...

I DIDN'T GET IT ALL, JACK, BUT THE BIG SUB IS LEAVING AND THE TANKS WERE INSTRUCTED TO TOW THE WRECKAGE TO A BASE!

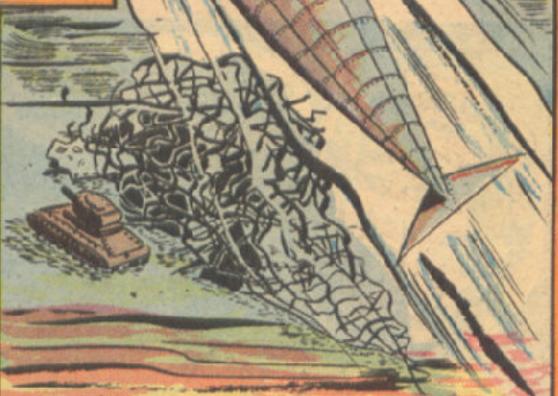
FINE! THAT LEAVES US ONLY THE TANKS TO DEAL WITH!

AS THE MYSTERY SUB LEAVES AND THE TANKS START TO TOW THE WRECKAGE, THE PHANTOM CREW PREPARES FOR ACTION--

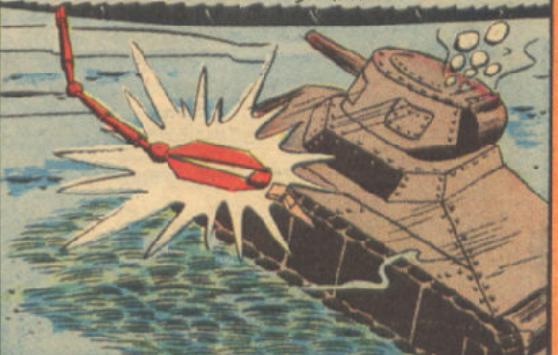


THE SUB DIVES AT TOP SPEED--

SWING OUT THE CLAW!



THE SALVAGE CLAW GRASPS ONE OF THE TANK'S TREADS, AND --



THEN THE PHANTOM SUB FLIPS THE TANK OVER ON ITS BACK - WHERE IT LIES LIKE A HUGE TURTLE!

BOY! JUST LIKE MAKING GRIDDLE CAKES!

THE DISABLED TANK SUMMONS THE OTHER TANK TO ITS AID BY RADIO, BUT THE PHANTOM SUB SWIRLS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WRECKAGE!

NOW THE SALVAGE CLAW GRASPS THE PRIZED WRECKAGE.

AND BEFORE THE TANKS CAN STOP IT, THE PHANTOM SUB MAKES OFF WITH THE WRECKAGE!

LATER. AT THE MYSTERY SUB'S BASE...

WHERE ARE THOSE TANKS? THEY SHOULD BE HERE NOW!

HERE THEY COME!

THE COMMANDER LEARNS WHAT HAPPENED.

YOU FOOLS! JUST WHEN THE LIGHTNING CANNON WAS UNDER YOUR NOSES! GET OUT THE PLANE! FIND THAT PHANTOM SUB'S BASE AND CONTACT ME BY RADIO!

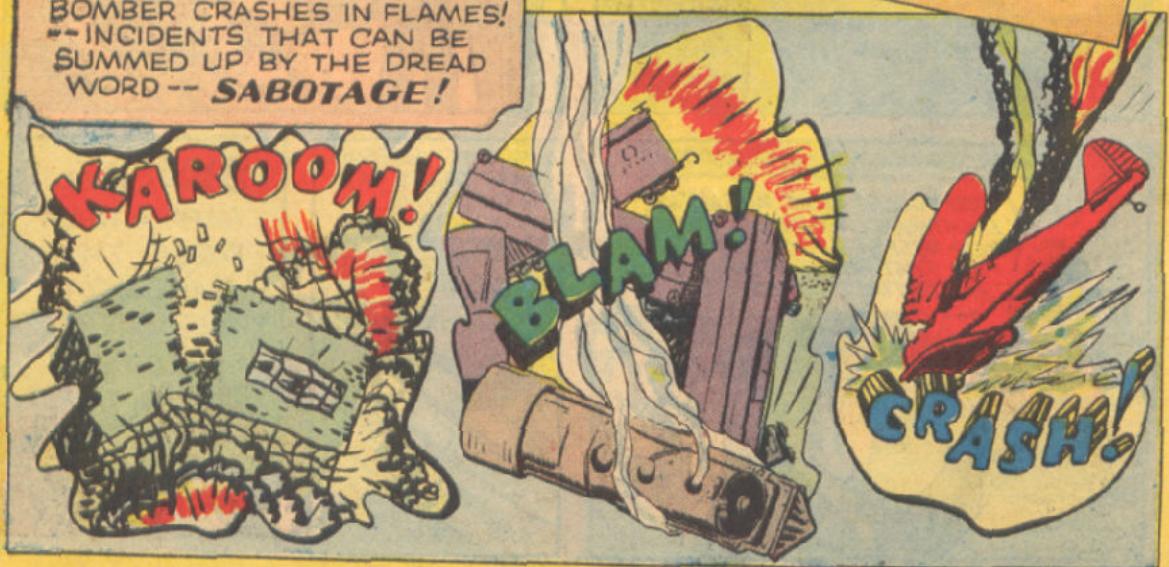
THE SWIFT PURSUIT PLANE TAKES OFF TO FIND THE PHANTOM SUB...

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THESE TWO MARVELOUS UNDERSEA CRAFT MEET?
MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT COMICS!

SUB-ZERO



The STORY BEGINS WITH A SERIES OF STRANGE INCIDENTS! -- A FACTORY IS BLOWN SKY-HIGH, A FREIGHT TRAIN JUMPS THE RAILS, A MILLION-DOLLAR BOMBER CRASHES IN FLAMES! -- INCIDENTS THAT CAN BE SUMMED UP BY THE DREAD WORD -- SABOTAGE!



AS HAUSE ENTERS A SUBWAY TRAIN,
WE SEE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES
AMONG THE PASSENGERS--SUB-ZERO
AND FREEZUM!

MAYBE I OUGHTA SQUEAL!
MAYBE, IF HE WAS JUGGED,
THEY'D NEVER KNOW ABOUT
IT IN THE OLD COUNTRY! ---

THAT LITTLE MAN
LOOKS SCARED,
DOESN'T HE?

UM!
ME SEE
TRAPPED
FOX LOOK
LIKE THAT!



AS THE TRAIN STARTS ---

WITH A GROAN, HAUSE SLUMPS FORWARD!
-- SUB-ZERO LEAPS TO HIS FEET TO HURL
A COLD BLAST!



A CONDUCTOR STOPS THE TRAIN!
--- SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM LEAP
TO THE TRACKS



HA!
NOW I CAN MOVE!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE ---
FAST!

3



INTRODUCING BARON RIEMAN, FOREIGN AGENT AND HEAD OF THE SABOTAGE RING!

SO HAUSE WANTS TO SEE ME, EH? MORE MONEY, I SUPPOSE! WELL, SHOW HIM IN!

A PALE, RABBIT-FACED MAN IS USHERED INTO RIEMAN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT.

GOOD EVENING, HAUSE! TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS VISIT?

NOTHIN' MUCH -- ONLY I'M GONNA QUIT, SEE? I'M THROUGH WITH SABOTAGE, DESTROYIN' THINGS, KILLIN' PEOPLE! **THROUGH!**



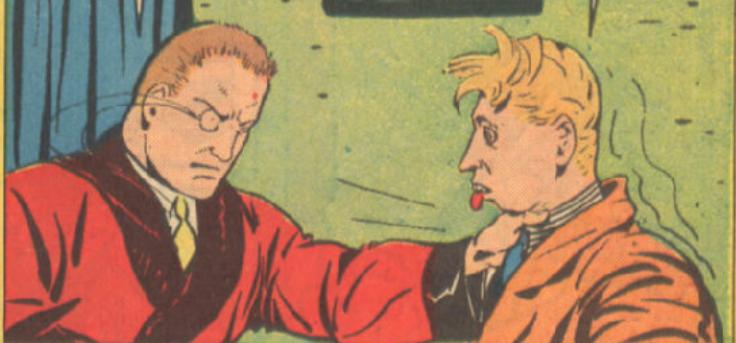
ONE DOESN'T QUIT OUR PECULIAR PROFESSION AS EASILY AS TH --

DON'T THREATEN ME! IF YOU TRY ANYTHING FUNNY, I'LL SQUEAL TO THE F.B.I.!



INFORMER, EH? DO YOU FORGET WHAT THE SECRET POLICE CAN DO TO YOUR AGED MOTHER IN THE FATHERLAND?

YEOW! ... I--I-- FORGOT, BOSS! **SKIP IT!** I WON'T SQUEAL! HONEST! I WAS ONLY **KIDDIN'!**



GET OUT! YOU HAVE YOUR LATEST ASSIGNMENT! -

Y-YES, BOSS! I'LL GO! I'LL DO ANYTHING!



SUDDENLY RIEMAN'S RAGE-TWISTED FEATURES GIVE WAY TO A MASK OF FRIENDSHIP!

ONE MOMENT! LET'S SHAKE HANDS! I PREFER HARMONY WITH MY AGENTS! **HARMONY!** HEH! HEH!

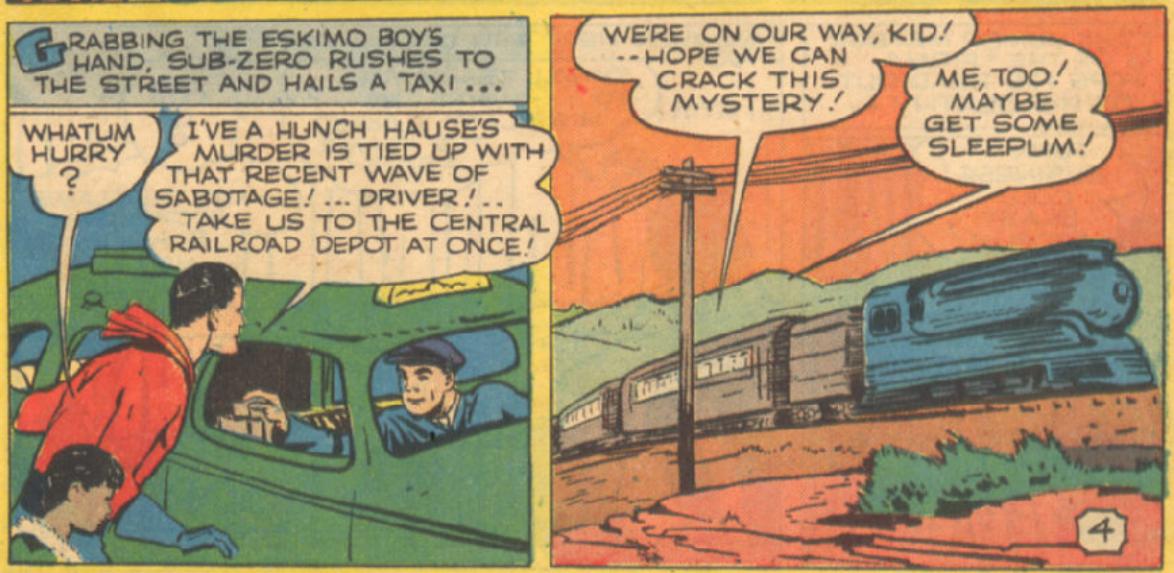
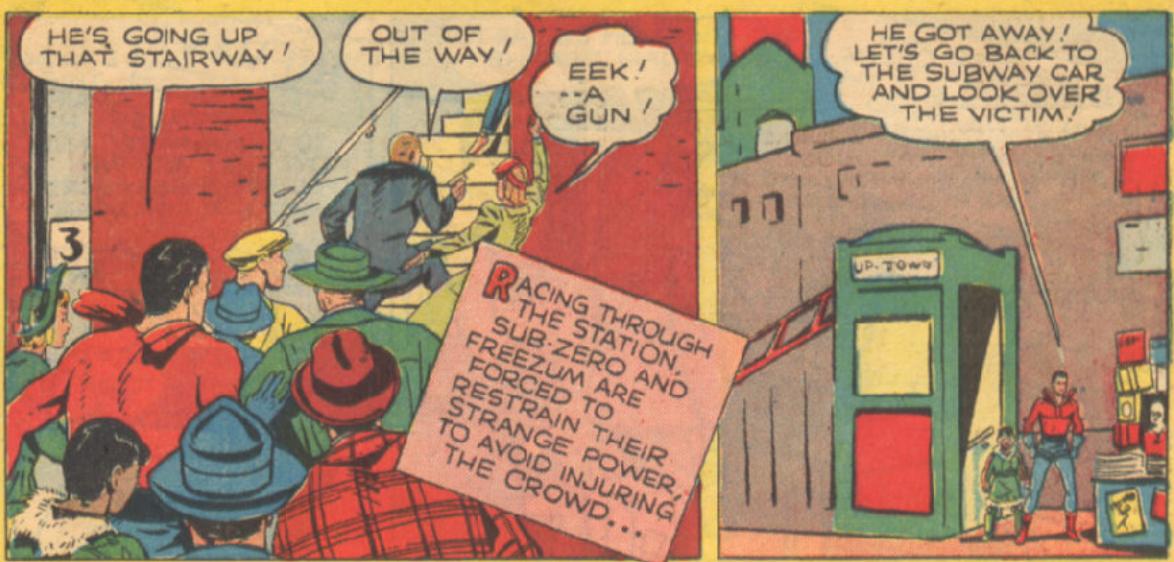
YEAH, SURE. HARMONY! OKAY, BOSS! SO LONG!



AFTER HAUSE DEPARTS--

I FEAR THAT NEITHER THREATS NOR HAND-SHAKING HAS PERSUADED HAUSE TO MY WAY OF THINKING! PERHAPS **THIS** IS THE BEST PERSUADER, AFTER ALL!





AS SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM WALK DOWN THE AISLE, THEY PASS A MAN WHO CAREFULLY HIDES HIS FACE BEHIND A NEWSPAPER ---

THROUGH DIS CAR TO YOLAH BERTHS!



RIEMAN!

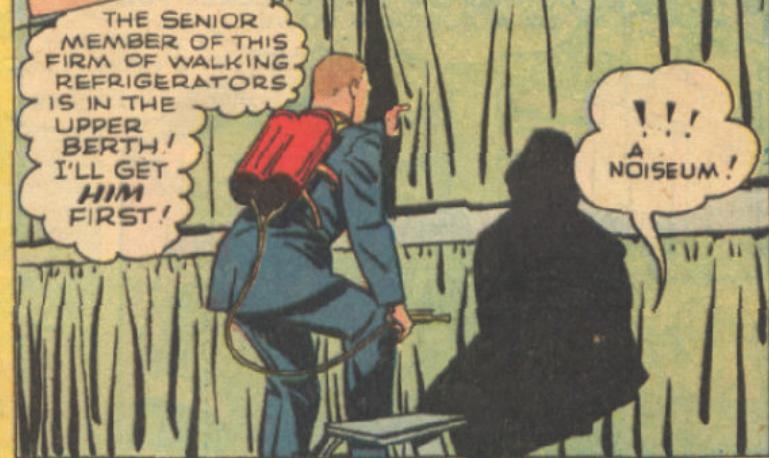
I TOOK THIS TRAIN BECAUSE I HAD TO WORK FAST! AND NOW THEY ARE MY FELLOW PASSENGERS-- BUT NOT FOR LONG!



THE SABOTEUR GOES TO HIS COMPARTMENT AND OPENS A VALISE --



HE SLINKS INTO A PULLMAN AS THE TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT!



THE JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE "FIRM" POPS HIS HEAD OUT OF HIS BERTH! --



WHEN HEAT AND COLD MEET!



SUB-ZERO TAKES A HAND IN THE PROCEEDINGS --- OR RATHER, A FOOT!



RECOVERING, RIEMAN BACKS AWAY UNDER COVER OF HIS FLAME!



UNABLE TO "NAIL" RIEMAN, SUB-ZERO BLASTS THE CEILING ABOVE THE SABOTEUR'S HEAD!



STILL ON HIS FEET, RIEMAN WHIPS OUT A PISTOL ---



GTHE BULLET CREASES SUB-ZERO'S SKULL!



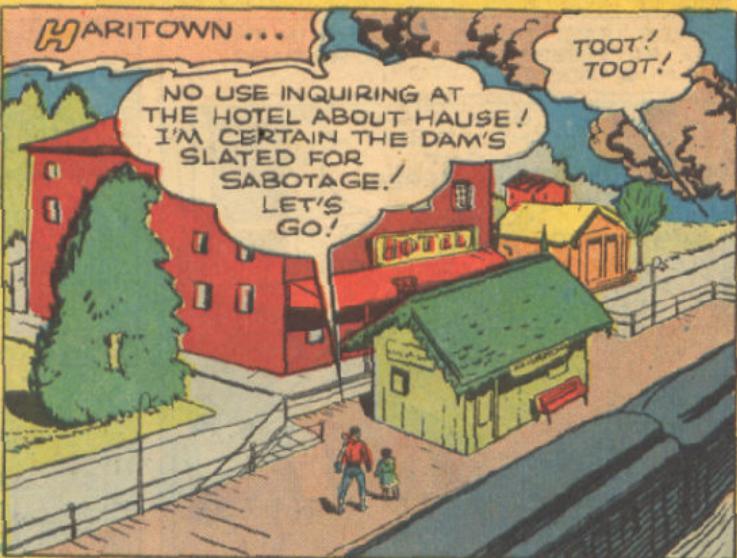
RAS THE TRAIN SLOWS DOWN FOR A STATION, RIEMAN LEAPS TO A FREIGHT MOVING SLOWLY IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



Meanwhile-- SUB-ZERO
REGAINS HIS SENSES...



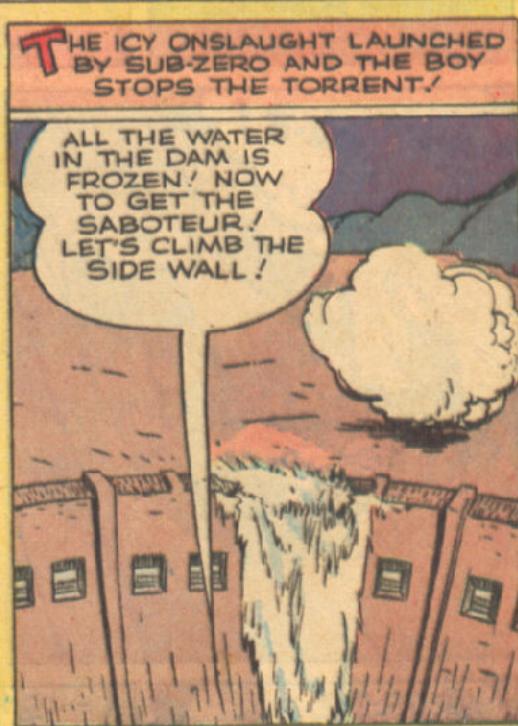
HARITOWN ...



THEY HIRE AN ANCIENT CAB TO HOLDER DAM ...



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, ONE OF THE DAM'S SLUICE-GATES BLOWS UP, UNLEASHING A TORRENT OF WATER!



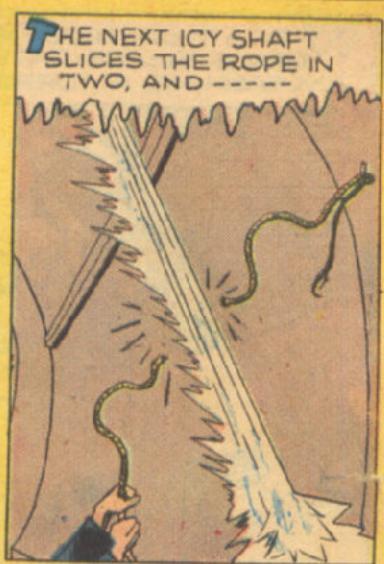
ACROSS THE DAM, SUB-ZERO HURLS A BLAST AT RIEMAN, BUT -----



HE'S OVER THE WALL! WELL, IF I CAN'T GET HIM, MAYBE I CAN GET HIS ROPE!



THE NEXT ICY SHAFT SLICES THE ROPE IN TWO, AND -----



A-I-Y-I-E-E!

I'M FALLING!



SUB-ZERO HURRIES DOWN AND FINDS RIEMAN BADLY HURT. HE CONFESSES!

I ---KILLED HAUSE---
I WAS HEAD OF RING ---
NAMES OF OTHER
AGENTS --- IN BOOK
IN POCKET-----
I---I'M THROUGH...
UHHH!



GO TO THE NEAREST PHONE AND SUMMON AN AMBULANCE! YOU MIGHT ALSO SEND FOR LABORERS--



--TO FIX THIS WALL! I'LL KEEP THE WATER FROZEN TILL THEY FINISH THE JOB!



AFTER THE DAM IS REPAIRED ...

WELL, BOYS, YOU CAME THROUGH AGAIN! GETTING TO BE A HABIT, ISN'T IT?

UM! GOODUM HABIT!

SUB-ZERO
HAS A SURPRISE
NEXT MONTH IN
BLUE BOLT!

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

MAN! WHAT A FLASHLIGHT!



REX Ristlite 98¢

COMPLETE WITH BATTERIES

Here's the slickest flashlight that ever lit a trail! Imagine! A flashlight that snaps on your wrist like a wristwatch, that throws a brilliant *five-hundred foot* beam of light wherever you point your hand, yet leaves *both hands free*!

Nothing like it ever before! This new Rex Ristlite gives you light *where you want it, when you want it*. No need to juggle it around in your hand. No danger of dropping it. Or you can stand it alone, hang it on the wall, clip it on your belt. Man, this flashlight is like an extra hand!



POSTAL TELEGRAPH
BOYS NOW USE REX
RISTLITE FOR NIGHT
DELIVERIES

Think of the year 'round fun you can have with this great new flashlight! On your bike, skating, hiking, coasting, camping, sending important semaphore code messages . . . all with a flick of the wrist. And these are just a few of the hundreds of keen ways you can use your streamlined, stream-lighted Ristlite!

Ristlite is a beauty to look at, too. Built of the same material as Uncle Sam's new experimental fighting planes . . . tough, streamlined plastic that can take a beating and still look like a million. Its G-E pre-focussed bulb, specially designed reflector and unbreakable lens give both spotlight and flood-light beams.

Be the first of the gang to have one of these two-fisted man-of-action flashlights. Get one now!

Mail your order today . . . Use coupon below . . . Print name and address.

TREASURE HOUSE DEPT. . . 115 W. 19th St., New York, N. Y. [Enclose coin between two pieces of cardboard]
Enclosed is 98¢ . . . Rush my RISTLITE to me.

Name . . .

Street . . .

City . . .

State . . .





MO-198
Sterling Silver



Mother or sister will appreciate wearing either style of these two birthstone rings. Be sure to give month of birth and size of ring.....49c



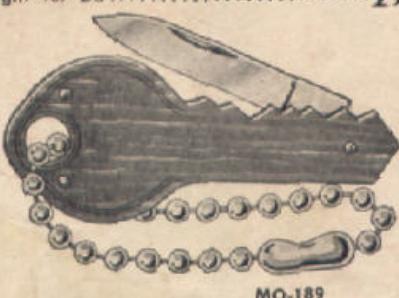
MO-199—Gold Filled

MO-200
THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!
A WONDERFUL GIFT FOR DAD



In Gift Box.....\$1.00

Once he has used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in his heart as his favorite fishing rod... Neat, handy, useful, and durable... Stainless steel frame, satin finish. Blade of finest razor steel.



MO-189



You'll need this Skate Sharpener. Only 2" long... can be carried in your pocket. Illustrated instructions for using included. Keep your skates sharp for only.....25c

MO-149

Just the thing to keep your "head and ears" warm on cold wintry days and nights. Mighty good looking too. Woolen, Jumbo knit. Royal blue with white trim.....60c



More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Card pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped.

RUBBERIZED LEATHER (MO-124).....35c

GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER (MO-124A).....47c

MO-124



THREE BLADES IN ONE

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths... really three blades in one.

GRAPHO-SCOPE

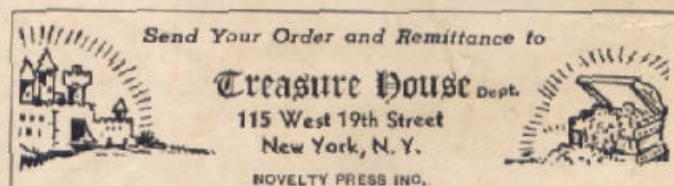
Insert any picture you wish to reproduce in this novel outfit... look through the eye-piece... and you'll find the image of the picture on the drawing surface. Then... all you need to do is to trace the lines of the image. No electricity or special light necessary. Fine for making maps and practice in drawing. Complete instruction book included \$1.10

MO-201



KEE-LITE

A combination key holder and pocket flashlight. Great for a gift.....32c



Send Your Order and Remittance to

Treasure House Dept.

115 West 19th Street
New York, N.Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.

Customers living outside the United States must remit in U.S. currency only and must pay all duty charges on delivery of merchandise.